Vol. 5 No. 1 Oct.—Dec. 1960

Special Features:

THE PONDOLAND MASSACRE
by Dennis Kiley

THE CONGO CRISIS
Articles by Colin Legum and Frank Barber

NIGERIA AND TOMORROW'S AFRICA
by Akin Mabogunje

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THE HEART OF DARKNESS

FROM the moment that the Congo Republic gained statutory independence from Belgium, the territory would seem to have exploded into violence and disorder. With few exceptions, newspapers throughout the West and settler Africa reported widespread raping and assaults, with photographs of white refugees in contortions of fury and distress. One may discount, of course, many of the press dispatches; there was a circumstantial hysteria about them which suggested that the evidence had been hurled into some vast echoing chamber to be caught by the correspondents round the rim, while the more lurid had a rather too well-thumbed look, as though they had been taken from a file on revolutionary atrocities to be dusted off and speedily retouched. It is unlikely that the number of white women raped, if it can ever be adequately established, will turn out to be large; the white dead do not yet touch a dozen. Indeed, one may wonder whether, of all the Congo atrocities, the press reports did not constitute the worst.

Violence there has clearly been, however, and denouncing those exaggerations which appear to have been deliberately scattered in order to excuse Belgian re-occupation of the Congo cannot deny it. It is significant that most of the anti-white assaults were against Flemish-speaking settlers, whose reputation for racial tyranny was loud throughout the Congo, and against the families of Belgian army officers, who had clearly earned more rancour than regard from the African troops they had commanded. Yet this, of course, is only a small part of the explanation. Anti-white violence was a reprisal not just for individual acts of racial arrogance, but for history.

The white liberal in the Union of South Africa is distrusted by many Africans precisely because his humanism is so often patronage, because he thinks in terms of principles and not of people. He expects those Africans whose struggles he supports to show their deserts by conducting themselves with a dignity and self-discipline that the whites only too obviously fail to exhibit. But Africans are, after all, just as capable of dignity and discipline, of despair and the fury of despair, as their circumstances permit or encourage them to be. When police respond to their protests and petitions with shots, they respond to the shots with stones and a wild, helpless burning of all that

is linked in their minds with white dominion. Oppression deforms, no less the oppressed than the oppressors, in a terror of survival. And when Sir Edgar Whitehead, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, arrests the leaders of peaceful African resistance to his rule, because they have the dignity to resist it at all and the discipline to resist it in words, Africans in Salisbury and Bulawayo riot, stoning cars, burning buildings, and besieging shops. What else would Sir Edgar have them do? Were they to stare in apathy while all political organization and leadership were plundered from them, they would not be more than other men, they would be less.

The moral of the Congo is that the prints of just such oppression as now deforms life in the Rhodesias, unless carefully smoothed over, remain embedded in the memory of a people long after the feet themselves have gone. Reading many of the newspaper reports and editorials on anti-white violence in the newly independent Congo, one might reasonably have supposed that Belgian rule had lasted a genial matter of months and been quite gratuitously expelled by an explosion of blind black racialism. When it is remembered rather that Belgian rule lasted a ruthless 80 years, is the violence that followed it so very difficult to understand? During the first thirty years, when the territory was under King Leopold's personal control, the native population was reduced by over a third, while royal agents drove Africans in search of ivory and rubber, with limbs and lives heaped high as the measure of any failure to fulfil the quota demanded. Whoever reads Casement and Conrad nowadays, it is clearly not the leader-writers on many of our newspapers. And when, in 1908, international agitation forced Leopold to surrender his dominion to the Belgian government, the curtains were drawn around the colony so close that only an occasional whisper escaped when a traveller or missionary moved them for a moment aside. Throughout the 50 odd years of Belgian government rule, forced labour was silently practised, and political protests stilled by imprisonment or death. Hardly a handful of years ago, there were over 4,000 political prisoners in Congo gaols. And though the Belgian policy of paternalism protested economic rather than political advances, its withdrawal revealed not one African doctor or lawyer or architect and only one African engineer, who had qualified at the end of 1959, in its wake. Had rancour taken even greater reprisals than it did, one should not in all reason have been surprised.

Reprisals, however, were not inevitable. Belgium could have healed much of the hatred it had burned so deep into the Congolese mind if only it had exhibited a concerted generosity in its departure. Had it trained with sympathy and speed African officers to command the Force Publique, there might not have been that major break-down in the machinery of order which made anti-white violence at all considerable. Had it given the nationalist leadership effective reason to believe that its intention to depart was genuine and that, while it stayed by request of the Congolese themselves, it would place its experience and resources at their service, a short interim period of co-operative government might have been evolved, during which essential training in the senior civil service would have been given to Congolese, and skills, which had so long been denied, zealously and decisively spread amongst them. All this might still have failed to overbear the past, but it should have been tried. Instead, a policy was evolved that seems to have been at its best a state of casual confusion and, at the worst, deliberate sabotage. Alarms were sedulously sounded for the safety of the white population, numbers of technicians withdrew or made obvious preparations to do so, billions of francs were sent scuttling to safety in Brussels, and—months before actual independence and the antics of M. Tshombe—rumours were rife, to be obliquely confirmed by Rhodesian politicians, of a settler and big business movement for Katanga secession. As a result, the Congolese government inherited a wrecked civil service, a Force Publique straining towards mutiny, a dried-out exchequer, and—within a few days of independence—a breakaway Katanga, with diaphanously disguised Belgian backing, which not only dangled all tax income from the provincial mines beyond the government's reach, but stimulated and fortified tribal separatism throughout the territory. And when Belgian paratroops were flown in—ostensibly to protect the white population from violence—they treated the Congolese with a trigger-happy arrogance that could hardly fail to agitate further disorders.

One need only consider how the situation might have been resolved five years ago to measure the part that the free and independent African States must have played in the present resolution. None of Belgium's allies in the West, despite domestic pressure from those with investments in the province, recognised the independence of Katanga, and even Belgium felt it imprudent to risk the consequences of coming out into the

open. For the London '*Daily Telegraph*', hardly a newspaper of the Left, Eric Downton wrote from Elisabethville in the issue of July 27th: "The masquerade of Katanga 'independence' is becoming daily more pathetic. M. Tshombe, the self-styled President, is today far more under the domination of Belgian officials than he was as an obscure politician before Congo independence. His regime depends entirely on Belgian arms, men and money. Without this, his government would in all probability be quickly pulled down from within and without. The outline of Belgium's emergency policy for Katanga is now discernible. It is to protect the great Belgian financial stake here and hold a political bridgehead in the hope of a Congolese union amenable to Belgium and the West". The African States, with support from Asian countries, have already influenced the Security Council into demanding the speedy withdrawal of Belgian troops from the Congo and supplying food and technical assistance to the country. Pan-Africanism is no longer fantasy, it is hardening fast into fact, and the world will increasingly have to come to terms with it. Once Belgian forces withdraw from the Katanga, M. Tshombe's popular support can be properly measured and an internal dispute left to be internally resolved. That anti-secession demonstrations should have broken out in the province during the Secretary-General's visit to Elisabethville—and demonstrations during which five lives are reported to have been lost—suggests that M. Tshombe's position is far from unassailable within Katanga itself. Events may yet precipitate a provincial referendum under United Nations supervision, but any such referendum would only have meaning if representatives of the central government were permitted freely to campaign throughout the region. M. Tshombe's picture of a free vote in a sealed room, with all his significant political opponents locked outside, is as ludicrous as any of his previous posturings. The storm that swept the Congo in the wake of independence may yet have flashes in it, but it is dying; and while the African States continue to act in concert, there seems very little chance that it will revive.

The heart of darkness that once was Belgium's empire in Africa no longer beats. Yet, only a border away, race rule persists, repression mounting southwards in savagery to the Union of South Africa. There, in the south, pulses today's heart of darkness, in the secret trials and tortures of Portuguese Africa, the arrests and riots and now at last the shootings of

Southern Rhodesia, the Sharpevilles of the Union. May one easily believe that power can be transferred—as one day it must—in these territories without a hurricane of repression and reprisal? Yet, across the eastern frontier of the Congo, Tanganyika moves with speed and deliberation towards independence and popular rule, amidst the back-slappings of nationalists and white settlers alike. There the British government, spurred no doubt by the trust status of the territory, discouraged tribalism and not only suffered, but occasionally even nurtured, the nationalist movement from the moment that withdrawal appeared more profitable than repression. If its administration has not been exemplary, its retreat has at least revealed excellent sense, and the reward is the legacy of good-will and order it is leaving behind it. Would a similar reward not follow a sensible and speedy retreat from those fastnesses of race rule that the white communities in the south now hold so intransigently? If recent events in the Congo have any lesson to teach, it is the retribution of repression. For its own sake, as much as for the sake of all the many millions whose lives it despoils, the white south would do well to awake at last to the shutters being flung open all around it.

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'At least WE know where we're going, don't we, Sir Edgar?'

THE PONDOLAND MASSACRE

DENNIS KILEY

Former Cape Editor of 'Golden City Post', now South African Correspondent of the 'News Chronicle.'

In January 1958, four people were sten-gunned to death at Gopane village in the Bafurutse reserve, near Zeerust. A month later all pressmen were barred from the area.

In May 1958, an unknown number of people were killed in Sekhukhuneland. A week later the press was barred from the area.

In June 1960, about thirty people were shot to death at Nqusa's Hill in Pondoland. The press had been barred from the area already.

Clearly, the Nationalists have become more efficient, but the basic pattern remains much the same. The pattern is dictated by Dr. Verwoerd's racial theories, which are in turn partly the result of divine inspiration (as he himself has revealed to us) and partly a survival of those race theories which so calamitously set Hitler's armies and concentration camps in motion. For their successful application they need above all a comfortable darkness, undisturbed by flash-bulbs or the movements of prying reporters.

Thus, when I arrived in fear-ridden Gopane (nearly 200 refugees from the area are living in Lobatsi, British Bechuanaland Protectorate, to this day) in January 1958, I had to work fast to piece together the grisly story of what had been done before the police discovered I was there. Together with the Rev. Charles Hooper, Anglican priest for the whole territory, and his wife (subsequently banned from the area), I questioned men, women and children. They described how the four people, including a ten-year-old boy, had been shot after a police search.

Two boys showed me where their father, Tiro Montsho, had been shot dead, and I had the chilling experience of picking up from the middle of the blood-splash on the grass a piece of human intestine, from which it was a reasonable guess that he had been shot at fairly close range.

Minutes later, two riot-vehicles of police arrived on the scene and, unlimbering their sten-guns, the police barked at us all to leave the area at once. What would have happened to myself and my non-white photographer if the Rev. Hooper had not been there, it is not pleasant to imagine.

The reason for the Zeerust killings was basically that the Bantu Affairs Department had ordered the Bafurutse women to carry "passes" like their men. They were to carry them at all costs, and the Government-nominated chiefs were instructed to see that they did. When the inevitable tribal disturbances followed, a 270-lb. police sergeant, Jan van Rooyen, was put in charge of operations, with a squad of mobile sten-gun police under his command. The horrors that followed have been sufficiently chronicled by the Rev. Hooper in his book 'Brief Authority'.

In Sekhukhuneland, mass opposition gathered to a head during May 1958, after Chiefs Arthur and Godfrey Sekhukhune had been banned from the area (they are still exiles) for refusing to enforce Nationalist policy upon their people. Pro-Government chiefs were appointed, villages were broken up for purposes of "ethnic grouping" and better control by the chiefs, and presently the riots began.

It was a time of agony for the people of Sekhukhuneland, hounded as they were by mobs seeking Government supporters on one hand and police squads seeking the mob leaders on the other. Chief Kholane of Malibong and an ex-policeman called Bob Nkadimeng had their throats cut by tribesmen, and at least seven other people were killed. Sergeant Jan van Rooyen was transferred from Zeerust to Sekhukhuneland, and the press was barred from the area while the police hunted for the "instigators".

In Pondoland and the neighbouring Transkei, fear and violence have spread steadily ever since the Nationalists decided to turn the area into the first great Bantustan and set about appointing chiefs who would carry out their policies and sacking those who would not.

Some of their policies—notably soil reclamation—were perfectly ordinary administrative measures. Others—like the move to make the Dutch Reformed Church the "official" church for the whole territory—were not so ordinary. All measures, however, were enforced as rapidly as possible and with a minimum of consultation, while the Government repeatedly maintained—as it still does—that it is prepared to discuss objections only with the chiefs, who are of course its own paid and manageable servants.

The inspiration for this policy is summed up in an answer given by the dedicated young information officer for the Transkeian territories when I asked him: "Have you ever considered, even for a moment, that some solution other than apartheid may be

necessary in South Africa?" With pity and with contempt he told me: "I can see you have never studied the laws of genetics. . . ."

It is these "laws of genetics", then, which are being put into effect in the "Bantu Homelands" of Pondoland and the Transkei.

The tribesmen themselves have recently formed an "Anti Bantu Authorities Act Committee" in the Lusikisiki district of Eastern Pondoland, and have submitted a memorandum to the Department of Bantu Administration. They make these points:

• Their Paramount Chief, Botha Sigcau, is pro-Nationalist and unpopular. They claim he should never have succeeded to the title, and that his brother, Nelson, is the rightful chief.

• Taxes under Bantu Authorities are higher, and tribesmen feel that the taxes are only used to pay the salaries of the unwanted Government-appointed chiefs.

• They object to the new Bantu Education Levy, which taxes them to pay for the indoctrination of their children and their training for more efficient servitude.

• They resent being grouped into villages under the new land scheme; traditionally their huts have always been scattered.

• They detest the land rehabilitation schemes, particularly cattle culling and dipping.

• They claim that bribery and corruption are commonplace, and that only those who can afford bribes get fair treatment at the new "tribal courts".

• They complain that consultation is the basic rule of Xhosa society, but that the newly-appointed chiefs do not consult the people and the Government officials consult only the chiefs. They were not consulted over the whole scheme for "Bantustan", they have never accepted it and they will not have it forced upon them.

• Tribesmen are not allowed to hold meetings of more than ten people to discuss grievances, unless the local Native Commissioner gives permission.

To all this the Pondo tribesmen—and their cousins the other Xhosa—have reacted by holding illegal meetings to thrash out their problems, and by murdering the pro-Government chiefs and burning their huts.

As word of the Nqusa's Hill massacre spread through the forests and rolling hills of Pondoland, flames could be seen rising up almost every night at different points. Police, military

vehicles and aircraft searched the wild countryside for "instigators", and hundreds took refuge in the forests and caves of the remote hills.

The shooting at Nqusa's Hill (a large double-humped hill, the name of which in Xhosa means "Backside Hill") was not entirely unexpected, it would seem. An Afrikaans-speaking trader living nearby said: "They had had this coming for a long time—it should have happened two years ago".

A missionary who has lived in the area for many years said that the meetings at Nqusa's Hill had been going on for weeks and, though they were illegal, the police had been attending them and making no effort to stop them.

The wounded, lying in the Holy Cross Mission hospital after the shooting, said that on the day of the big meeting they had all been warned by the organizers not to bring even their ordinary fighting sticks—though no Pondo likes to move about without one. They were told: "We are going to talk, not to fight."

On their way to the meeting they saw police trucks parked on the neighbouring hills, but they did not turn back. Mr. Mlothwana Ngxambane, who was lying in the hospital with both legs amputated after the shooting, said that aeroplanes had dived low over the meeting so often that the audience could not hear what the speakers were saying. A helicopter landed sten-gun police, and the police fanned out around them, reinforced by others who arrived at the same time in trucks.

No eye-witness we spoke to knew of any resistance offered to the police. They all said that they had thrown up their hands and shouted: "We are not fighting." But the police opened fire, and they continued to fire until there was nobody left to shoot.

They used rifles, revolvers and sub-machine guns at close range, and the tribesmen said that 30 died. The wounded were left where they lay until villagers with wooden sledges came and dragged them to the hospital seven miles away. Some of the wounded died when they tried to escape across a nearby river, some died in the bushes. After two days vultures showed the way to the bodies; and many were buried where they were found.

The police occupied themselves with raids on the tribal huts, looking for "instigators" as always, and with patrols in helicopters to prevent the press from reaching the scene. A police helicopter followed a car-load of African journalists until a police van caught up and took them into the nearest town—Bizana.

An African reporter who was 'phoning through a story from Bizana two weeks after the massacre was surrounded and arrested by no less than seven policemen, who cursed and manhandled him on their way to the police station, where they charged him with "failing to produce a reference book". He was acquitted.

In spite of the desperate efforts by officials and police to keep pressmen from getting at the news, word has now leaked out that Botha Sigcau, the controversial Paramount Chief, has attempted to resign.

He announced at a tribal meeting at Tabankulu that he wanted to resign in favour of his brother Nelson, but—according to Mlugwana Xolo, a spokesman for the local tribesmen—his speech was cut short by the local Native Commissioner and he was immediately whisked away by officials under heavily-armed police escort.

"The officials were unable to hide their shock," Mr. Xolo said, "but we have not seen Botha or any of his closest attendants since that day. We think the officials are trying to persuade him not to resign."

Meanwhile, brother Nelson said in Lusikisiki that he did not want the £1,400-a-year (and perqs.) Paramount Chieftaincy either. His brother, he said, would have to "sort out the mess first".

"The mess", however, seems to be taking the form of increasingly organized opposition by the tribesmen. Latest reports from the area say that regular meetings are once again being held by the "insurgents"—this time at Ndlovu's Hill, ten miles south-east of Bizana.

A "Committee" has been organized for the area, and systematic pressure put on clerks, schoolteachers and others who are classed as "literates", to pledge that they will not support Bantu Authorities.

They have been invited to attend the meetings, and those who have refused have been threatened with having their homes burnt. It is said that those who have been threatened are now paying "fines" to the Committee.

Typical of what happens to unpopular headmen is the fate of Dideni Rababa, a 45-year-old petty chief from the Umtata District. He went to the hut of a woman called Nomoto Mtsako one night—without his bodyguard. In the middle of the night the hut was surrounded by tribesmen, who poured petrol on it and set it alight.

When Rababa and Nomoto tried to escape they were forced back by tribesmen with assegais. He was burnt to charcoal on the spot; she died in the Sir Henry Elliot hospital at Umtata.

Men who have pledged themselves to fighting Bantu Authorities have handed over the responsibility for caring for their families to the womenfolk. Many "wanted" men still visit their families for a few hours each day or night and then disappear into the plantations again, tribesmen say. Each time the police helicopters land in Bizana, anxious women look at the weird machines to see if any of their menfolk have been captured.

Amusingly enough, the Chief Information Officer of the Department of Bantu Administration and Development, Mr. C. W. Prinsloo, has stated: "We are convinced that the disturbances are of the same nature as those which occurred in Zeerust and Sekhukhuneland a few years ago—the work of outside agitators."

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'Okay! All the world's a stage, but why should we get all the worst parts?'

THE PATTERN OF SOUTH AFRICA'S EMERGENCY

ALAN RAKE

Former East African Editor of 'Drum', now on the staff in Johannesburg.

On the morning of March 30th, just over a week after the Sharpeville killings, a State of Emergency was declared in the Union of South Africa. During the preceding days, the initiative had been momentarily in the hands of the Africans. Pass laws had been temporarily relaxed, and there was a general feeling that their tyranny had now been broken forever. Urban Africans believed that the Government would at last be forced to lend a small ear to the people.

The Emergency cruelly shattered this feeling of hope. From 2 a.m. on the morning of March 30th, hundreds of people were arrested all over the country. Dozens of police cars darted about trim white suburbs and African townships alike. Detectives and armed policemen burst into sleeping households and made arrests. No warrants were produced.

If the hundreds of detainees had been counted on that first night, an outsider would understandably have believed that a vast plot against the State had been unearthed. The prisoners came from all walks of life, all income groups, all parts of the country, all political parties, both sexes. And the next day a Government Gazette Extraordinary officially declared a State of Emergency and announced that anyone could be arrested under it in the interests of public safety and order.

By April 11th, the Emergency regulations were enforced in 121 magisterial districts (of the 300 in the country) including all the large urban centres, where the African labour force had provided the organised opposition to the Government. There were gasps of astonishment in Parliament when Mr. Erasmus, Minister of Justice, announced that no less than 1,575 people (94 white, 24 Coloured, and 1,451 African) had been detained.

Still more arrests were to follow, however, and by May 16th the number had risen to 1,907. All these people were detained without trial, and could be jailed "for the duration of the Emergency or as long as the Minister pleases". As they were not charged, there could be no "official" reason for their detention; the State had detained them "for the maintenance of

public order". They were put in prison, not because they had committed any crime, nor because they had added fuel to the tense situation in the country after Sharpeville, but because they *might* seize the opportunity to oppose the Government politically.

It has been suggested that all the detainees were politically minded; but some of them had no political or trade union connections whatsoever, while others had been interested in politics in a purely incidental way. There were three main categories: the non-political detainees; those who had not been interested in politics for a number of years; and members of anti-Government political parties.

Among the non-political detainees were such people as Myrna MacKenzie, the Cape Town correspondent of the London '*Daily Herald*' and wife of a staffman on the '*Cape Times*'; and Mr. Normn Phillips, Ass. Managing Editor of the Canadian newspaper, '*Toronto Star*'.

Another non-political detainee was Miss Hannah Stanton, a British missionary and passionate Christian who has since written that she "never felt drawn to the political or 'public' aspects of the faith". Before she went to South Africa, she felt that Huddleston and others probably exaggerated the racial situation. Nevertheless, she incurred the displeasure of top-ranking police officers by making complaints about the cruel and bullying attitude of the South African police. The Rev. Douglas Thompson worked for the Peace Council. Mrs. Kalk, a Witwatersrand University lecturer, had never been active in politics. It is thought that Gertrude Cohn was arrested solely because her husband had sent letters to the papers expressing liberal views and had signed himself G. Cohn.

In the second group of "one-time-politically-active" detainees were a number of ex-Communists. Archie Lewitton had been an official of the Communist Party, but he had had nothing to do with politics for fifteen years. A. Israel had not been in the C.P. since before the war. A businessman, Monty Berman, had taken no active part in left-wing politics since the years immediately after the World War. Ex-Senator H. M. Basner, a former Native Representative, had resigned his seat in 1947 and had only attended one political meeting during the 12 years since then.

But there were some who were definitely active in everyday politics. Many members of the South African Liberal Party

were arrested. Mr. Peter Brown, National Chairman of the Liberal Party, Dr. Colin Lang, John Brink who had put up Chief Luthuli at his home during the Treason Trial, Dr. Hans Meidner, and the Africans Elliott Mngadi and Franklin Bhengu, were members of a party which is strongly anti-Communist and pledged to use non-violent means to counter apartheid.

Two Liberal lawyers, John Lang and Ernest Wentzel, had begun to collect evidence on the Sharpeville shootings and were still taking statements from the wounded at the time they were arrested. R. I. Arenstein was another lawyer, who had defended the accused after the Cato Manor disturbances when several policemen were killed. Other lawyers—not all of them members of the Liberal Party—were also detained. Mrs. S. Muller had defended Africans in the cases following upon the Sekhukhuneland riots. As practically all the lawyers who had defended Africans in political trials were arrested, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that they were identified with the Africans they defended, and were thus somehow guilty in the eyes of the Government and punished by a period in prison.

There were other unusual detainees who do not readily fall into any category. Lionel Morrison, an ex-Witwatersrand University student, was just planning to go to Holland to resume his studies. Alf Every, an accountant, had been an organiser of the conservative United Party and was editor of a businessman's intelligence service—'Africa X-Ray Report'—at the time of his arrest. An African of some 90 years of age was also detained.

All the accused in South Africa's three-year-old Treason Trial and all the first batch of Treason Trialists were re-arrested. These were the easily identifiable, traditional enemies of the Government, and were detained together with remaining African National Congress officials and the leaders of the Pan African Congress under Mangaliso Sobukwe, Potlako Leballo and Matthew Nkonana. The latter were arrested at the time they gave themselves up to the police for not carrying passbooks and were quickly charged for passbook offences or more serious charges under the Emergency regulations.

The African political leaders received formidable sentences: Sobukwe and many of his followers a £300 fine or 3 years imprisonment for incitement; Matthew Nkonana and 142 others, £300 or three years for not carrying reference books; Peter Tema, £100 or 12 months for destroying another man's reference book; Dr. Menie Bernard Zondi, £200 or 12 months

for destroying his own passbook; others, £150 or 18 months for urging men to stop work on the national strike days. P.A.C. members refused to pay their fines and took imprisonment on principle. Almost all the other Africans were unable to meet their fines and were therefore imprisoned.

The State of Emergency Relief Fund estimated that 400 families in the Western Province alone were left without any means of support as their menfolk were detained. They had to live on a diet of maize meal, dried milk, beans, sugar and flour. One mother and father were taken from their house in the middle of the night, leaving an eighteen months old baby alone in the arms of a ten year old boy. African mothers were deprived of their husbands' wages. Indian mothers depended on their close-knit family groups to keep them going. Numbers of children lost both their parents; and both parents had to sign a letter asking the prison authorities every time they wanted to see their children. The majority of them only saw their children once during the average three months of detention.

Visits to prisoners used to take place in tiny rooms, where six detainees and up to 12 visitors were all introduced at once. The two groups found themselves fenced off, and had to stand at opposite sides of the room and shout at one another. It was almost impossible for any coherent messages to be conveyed at all.

Most of the white detainees in the Cape area and in Pretoria found that their physical conditions of detention were not too bad; but at the Johannesburg Fort prison, they were appalling. On the night of their arrest, prisoners there were given filthy blankets and mattresses in the last stages of disintegration. They were held four to a cell (10 ft. by 9 ft.) and shared one lavatory bucket, inside the cell, which was only emptied once every 24 hours despite the cases of diarrhoea which were prevalent.

Food was the principal topic of conversation among them. The male detainees in the Transvaal area collected and preserved a representative selection of weevils, bugs and other impurities found in the prison food. Mr. Justice Rumpff, inspecting the lunch one day, found that detainees were being given nothing but cold, congealed beans to eat. His lordship made a complaint that the beans should, at least, have been served hot.

The discussion of food intensified during the hunger strike, which was started by the white women detainees at Pretoria to bring the attention of the outside world to their plight. The

men joined in sympathy and kept the strike going for ten days, though some of them were elderly and others were suffering from stomach ulcers. The prison authorities were greatly disturbed by the strike, which was finally broken when the women were divided into different groups, unable to communicate with each other, and when the doctors reported that some of them were in serious danger of death if the strike continued. Especially demoralising was an announcement in Parliament that the strikers were being fed on secret supplies smuggled in from outside.

While conditions for whites became at least tolerable when they were moved from the Johannesburg Fort to Pretoria, they were worse for Indians, and worse still for Africans. The white detainees ended up by sleeping on beds and mattresses, the Indians on thin palliasses and the Africans on hard mats. A similar colour bar distinguished the quality of the food.

Under the special prison rules "made in terms of the Emergency regulations", detainees were not allowed to "sing, whistle or make unnecessary noises, or cause unnecessary trouble or nuisance", or "cause discontent or excitement or insubordination among fellow detainees", or "be disrespectful to a person employed in the place of detention or to a member of the South African police force". Four people were kept in solitary confinement for three weeks because the Prison Commissioner had misinterpreted the Emergency rules which stated that detainees should be kept apart from other prisoners. Others were given solitary confinement as a punishment for breaking rules.

The prisoners were unable to discuss matters concerning detention with their advocates. At first there was some ambiguity about this rule. Finally one detainee decided to challenge it in court; but two days before the case was due to be heard, a regulation was published specifically barring detainees from speaking to their advocates about detention.

Michael Mpeluza, who had been ill in bed for 18 months with heart trouble when he was detained, died soon after his arrest. George Z. Siwiza died on May 31st, and his family were not informed of his death immediately. When they finally managed to have his body exhumed on June 28th, the relatives were advised that it would be "difficult" to establish the cause of death. John Kamanga became ill in prison and died on June 17th.

The first major batch of detainees to be released consisted of 154 people; it was May 30th, almost exactly two months after they had been arrested. A few further releases were made; and then, on June 28th, the Government announced that 1,200 out of the 1,600 remaining in detention would be rapidly set free. It was officially announced that investigations had not been completed against the remaining 400.

From this Government statement it can be inferred that investigations were completed against at least 1,200 others, most of whom had not been charged in court and had been found innocent even by police armed with arbitrary powers. Under the Emergency, these people had had their lives disrupted, their families subjected to great strain, and their livelihood impaired. One man who had played no active part in politics for 15 years had had his business completely ruined. Naturally the Government proposed no compensation for him or any of the others. But legal actions against the Minister of Justice are now likely to take place.

The Emergency in South Africa is still not over, though Dr. Verwoerd recently stated that it would be withdrawn before the republican referendum on October 6th. Many Emergency laws are still in force throughout the main urban centres of the country. People can still be detained for the maintenance of public order. And a new type of "half-free" man has been created—in the shape of detainees who have been released under restrictions on their movement, curfews, and a total ban on political activity.

It was not until the Emergency had been in force for at least two months that people became aware of an entirely new type of arrest under Emergency regulations. A new class of detainee was rapidly taking shape, to give the Government an additional reason for not wanting to end the Emergency in too great a hurry.

Africans were being picked up under Article 4B of the Emergency regulations, which stated that 'any native that was detained, who did not have a reference book, a job, a place to stay or a right to be in an urban area could be jailed for the duration of the Emergency or as long as the Minister pleases'. Mr. Erasmus informed Parliament that 18,000 had been arrested under Article 4B, and later this figure increased to the fantastic total of 21,000. Of these at least 8,600 were detained.

These men were all claimed to be tsotsis, idlers or loafers. The procedure was—and apparently still is—that the men are arrested and taken to secret courts, where the press and public are denied any entry. Magistrates are then summoned to decide whether or not the Africans—most of them picked off the streets—have passbooks, regular employment and a place to live. If any fail on any of these qualifications, they are detained. Magistrates have said that only loafers and "gangsters of the worst type" have been detained in this way, but many families have reported the disappearance of law-abiding relatives and bread-winners.

The authorities refused to disclose where these detainees were being taken, but they were finally traced to a disused mine called Modder B near Benoni. The newspaper '*Contact*' outlined the case of Cush Moloi who was picked up in this way and later released. He said that he had been taken to a mine near Benoni (Modder B) where 8,000 men were held. He was tried before a magistrate in a court inside the prison, where the only people present were a magistrate, a prosecutor and the policeman who arrested him.

Meshak Nkosi, an African schoolteacher who spends most of his week-ends playing tennis, was another victim. He was interned for a week before he was brought before a magistrate sitting in the camp. Though he was given no chance to consult an attorney and had to argue his case as best he could, the magistrate had no alternative but to find this non-political schoolteacher innocent. How he ever got arrested as an "idler" in the first place remains a mystery, unless one considers that he was one of the Africans frequently interviewed and filmed for overseas radio and television by correspondents visiting South Africa at the time of Sharpeville.

The conditions at Modder B, according to reports from the few who have been liberated, are very similar to the Kenya detention camps at their worst. Both Meshak Nkosi and Cush Moloi reported continual beatings while they were in the camp. The newspaper '*Contact*' went further and reported that several Africans were shot dead and many more injured trying to escape. The Deputy Commissioner of Prisons, Brigadier J. C. Steyn, confirmed on July 31st that 18 African prisoners had died of "pneumonia" in Modder B during the previous fortnight. "Whatever can be done is being done," he added. Of this there can surely be no doubt.

PRETORIA CENTRAL GAOL, 1960

HANNAH STANTON

On March 30th, 1960, and on successive days, men and women, Europeans and non-Europeans, were arrested and detained throughout the Union of South Africa.

I was arrested on March 30th at 3.15 a.m. There was a battering on my door at Tumelong Mission, Lady Selborne; I opened it to find standing outside three men and a wardress from the Special Branch, who told me that I would have to go with them quietly or they would take me by force. On my asking for their warrant to do this, I was told that a State of Emergency had been declared and that a warrant was not necessary. In point of fact, the Emergency was not declared until the following afternoon. I was taken to Pretoria Gaol where I spent the next seven-and-a-half weeks. No charge was ever brought against me; I never knew why I had been detained. I could only conclude that, as I had exposed police brutality whenever it had occurred during the past three years in Lady Selborne township, the police were now retaliating.

As a result of pressure by the United Kingdom Government, I was allowed to consult my lawyer about my detention and a petition was brought on my behalf in the Supreme Court. This was dismissed. Neither I nor my legal advisers had expected any other outcome. But it was of value that the case should have been aired in the courts. I was the only detainee among the 1,900 to be allowed to consult a lawyer about my detention. Eventually, on May 19th, I was deported without any opportunity of appeal.

In Pretoria Gaol the European detainees, both men and women, were kept in solitary confinement for three weeks—though this had certainly not occurred in the Johannesburg Gaol, the Fort, where detainees had been in groups since the date of their arrest. The non-European detainees in Pretoria were treated rather differently; the women were at first in separate cells, though near each other, while the men were put together, five in a cell.

Prison conditions were graded: Europeans had Class I treatment; Coloureds and Asiatics had Class II; and Africans, Class III. Pretoria Gaol, I gathered, had a good name for the tolerable treatment of all racial groups; certainly from what I was told of the Fort, the food there, even for the Europeans, appears to have been uneatable.

Class I treatment in Pretoria Gaol included a breakfast at seven o'clock, when mealie porridge, brown bread and coffee were provided; lunch arrived at 11.30 and consisted of stewed meat, quite appetisingly cooked, and two vegetables; the evening and last meal arrived at 3.30 p.m. (earlier on public holidays) and consisted of soup, brown bread, coffee and small containers of fat, sugar and marmalade to be kept over until the next day. The European women detainees had a bath a day; ten minutes exercise after the first week, and then progressively more and more. We had a bedstead, mattress, blankets and sheets, a locker, and a table and chair in our cells. We also had a sanitary bucket with a lid which was emptied by the African convicts once a day. Our lights were put out at eight o'clock and put on again at seven in the morning; during these hours, the only light available was what filtered in from the street lamp outside.

Class III treatment provided primitive prison conditions for even the most cultured of the African detainees. The food consisted of mealie meal porridge, a little sugar, mealies, beans, a very small portion of meat three times a week on the mealie pap, and no bread: this followed a simple rural African diet to which the prison authorities still think every African is accustomed. Grade III provided no furniture in the cells; a thin mat and blankets were issued for bedding; there was water in a pail and a smelly tin without a lid for sanitary purposes. No facilities were given for baths and very little for exercise.

Class II treatment for Coloureds and Asiatics consisted of a slightly better diet than Class III, a slightly thicker mat and a sanitary pail with a lid. One day I looked with interest at the buckets outside a cell shared by a Coloured woman and an African woman; one bucket had a lid and one had not.

During the first few days friends were allowed to send in sweets, orange juice, marmite, tinned food, and some books. This was soon stopped; but, in due course, after weeks of waiting in my case, we were able to have money in our prison accounts and to order extra food from the prison canteen. This was available to both Europeans and non-Europeans.

Physical conditions were bearable; to my intense relief my cell had a window, heavily barred, which overlooked the prison recreation grounds and in the distance the Magaliesburg Mountains. I stood on my locker and gazed at them for hours. I was horrified later to realize the very confined space in Mrs. Joseph's cell, considerably smaller than my own (mine was 8 ft. by 10 ft.).

Over the walls of her cell and stretching *under* her window was heavy wire netting, so that there was no chance of her having the refreshment of looking out of her window. At the end of three weeks we were put together, and it was an unutterable relief to have her company; she joined me in my cell and was able to enjoy my window. We listened during the long evenings to the African convicts singing, and shuddered at the brutal way the wardresses would shout at the African convicts. At times a convict was punished, and we heard the groans.

In prison I had the support of the prayers of friends and the framework of church services throughout the day to follow. For me it was a spiritual experience which I shall not forget, as I shall not forget the personal experience of helplessness and frustration which all of us shared, the men and women detainees of all races.

During the first five weeks in gaol, I experienced to the full the frustration and anxiety over the disruption of a life's work, in my case as Warden of an Anglican Mission. This was work to which I knew God had called me. I grieved for my work, for my staff exhausted and anxious, for my relatives and friends, for my missionary students at the Mission and for the welfare of all those dependent upon me. But it was when Mrs. Joseph and I were joined by a group of 20 women from Johannesburg, most of whom were wives and mothers, that I realized the more acute agony of the mother cut off from her family. Seven of the women had husbands who were also detained; they thought of their children looked after by friends or relatives, missing immeasurably the care of parents.

In several cases parents had not been able to make adequate arrangements for the care of children. One mother had had to leave her young son alone in the flat on her arrest. Another mother had on her mind the condition of her only son who had acute diabetes: was he keeping to the rigid diet prescribed for him? Was he able to give himself his insulin satisfactorily? Was he over-doing himself rushing to school for early classes?

A wife, whose husband was also arrested, heard that her husband's job had been terminated at a week's notice. She and her husband had lately managed after years of saving to move into their own house, on which they had paid the first instalments. The hopes of years had to be abandoned. A mother of four children under the age of ten, heard that her husband, also detained, had been taken ill one night in gaol. His ulcer had

perforated, he had bled all night and his companions had been unable to attract anyone's attention. In the morning he was in a state of collapse.

Another mother, whose son had been involved in a motor accident shortly before and who in consequence had become stone deaf, knew that without her and her means of contact with him his whole rehabilitation would be endangered.

These are problems which mothers and wives face whenever illness or disaster means sudden unforeseen separation from their families. But here in prison, detained under the Emergency regulations, week after week, month after month, without charges preferred against them, without access to their legal advisers and with such problems ever on their minds, anxiety, frustration and bitterness reached an aching agony.

I can only describe from personal contact and experience the feelings of a very few of the 1,900, and these all European women. The non-European detainees could not have felt any less frustrated and anxious, and had in any case far worse material conditions to put up with; in many cases there must have been more agony. The majority of them undoubtedly had lost their jobs; their families were literally starving and we heard of detainees' families who were being turned out of their homes in the Johannesburg locations.

When, in the sixth week of my detention, the group of 20 women were moved from Johannesburg to Pretoria, they arrived already committed to a hunger strike in protest against the continued detention without charges of all the detainees. When there was no response to their appeal to the Minister of Justice they started on their fast on May 13th, and continued this for eight days, when they abandoned it on medical grounds. During this time they took no food at all: I was with them all the time and can vouch for this. All lost considerable weight, one woman lost 16 lbs. They drank about eight cups of water a day, and towards the end of the fast some of them, feeling very weak, took a few teaspoonfuls of glucose. It was during this time that they heard from their visitors that their children had been demonstrating on the steps of the Johannesburg Town Hall and had been arrested.

Many of the detainees have now been released: 250, we are told, still remain. But it must not be forgotten that these men and women, 1,900 of them, were detained and that no charges were ever preferred against them. Lives have been endangered and interrupted, work has been irreparably damaged, acute misery has been caused; and to what end . . .?

A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA

NORMAN PHILLIPS

(Norman Phillips, Assistant Managing Editor of the 'Toronto Star', left Canada for South Africa on March 21, the day of the Sharpeville Massacre. On April 8, the South African Government suppressed his report on police brutality at Nyanga and, on April 9, arrested him under the Emergency Regulations. Protests from the Canadian Government secured his release from Durban Gaol on April 12.)

THE "questioning" took place on the third day of my incarceration in Durban Gaol. At the end, my interrogator, Capt. van der Westhuizen of the South African political police, the Special Branch, attempted an ingratiating smile and said:

"I guess you probably know more about us than we know about you."

It was an unusual compliment; the more so after the almost daily reminder from some citizen that no one could hope to understand the problems of South Africa without having been born, raised and confined within the borders of the Union.

The Captain was trying to extricate himself gracefully from a ludicrous situation. His chief, Maj. Gen. C. I. Rademeyer, then commander of the national police force, had ordered my arrest on the basis of a dispatch that had offended the sensibilities of a Durban postal clerk. External Affairs Minister Eric Louw had then got into the act by accusing me of poisoning Canadian-South African relations—a rôle for which I could not hope to rival his proven ability.

Mr. Louw was not in accord with his police chief (Rademeyer fell victim to a diplomatic illness and was replaced three weeks after my arrest). Despite my undoubted presence in Cell One, Block A of Durban Gaol, I was not—according to Mr. Louw—under arrest, but merely "held for questioning".

Here was an opportunity to demonstrate that Mr. Louw spoke the truth. If he said I was being held for questioning, questioned I would be; and van der Westhuizen, head of Security for Natal, had clearly been assigned to the task of grilling me. He was armed with carbon copies of everything I had written in South Africa, my notebooks and address lists. The setting was the cheerless Governor's office, and the Captain was accompanied by Head Constable Wessels who had taken me into custody.

They had some questions, the Captain began. In that case, I replied, I'd better have a lawyer. (Although I did not find it out until I returned to Canada, South African legal representation had been engaged for me by my employers.) Van der Westhuizen tried to assure me that the questions weren't involved and that I really didn't need a lawyer. Wouldn't I just try one or two for size?

I had one other reservation—my professional oath never to reveal sources of information. The Captain was almost eager to demonstrate his respect for this vow. The Head Constable was also impressed by this pledge and before the session was over was answering the Captain's questions for me: "You can't answer that because of your oath, can you?"

The interrogation took a scant fifteen minutes; and although it was obviously a device to save the face of the Minister of External Affairs, someone had briefed Capt. van der Westhuizen to include a homily on how to report conditions in South Africa. "You've been talking to all the wrong people," he complained.

I couldn't refrain from replying that his colleagues in the police force had been the worst offenders in leading me astray.

A foreign correspondent must go to the police for information; and the first person I interviewed after my arrival in South Africa was a senior officer, Col. G. D. Pienaar, who had been nominally in command of the police at Sharpeville on the day of the massacre.

When I first met him three days after the shooting, in the police headquarters at Vereeniging, Col. Pienaar was nervous, irritable and under great tension. It was only after I explained that I had flown 10,000 miles to find out what had happened at Sharpeville that he consented to speak to me at all. His version was my introduction to the stock responses that (a) no one from abroad could understand South African affairs; (b) all Africans were savages; and (c) the demonstration preceding the massacre had been the work of Communist agitators.

Col. Pienaar's delusion that Communism was at the root of his troubles verged on hysteria. After we left him, my colleague, Gerald Clark of the '*Montreal Star*', told me of his interview with the chief of police in Poznan, Poland after the riots there. Clark said the only difference between Pienaar and the Polish police-

man appeared to be that the latter was convinced all his troubles were the product of Capitalist saboteurs.

Policemen are very much the same wherever you meet them.

In Orlando Township outside Johannesburg I met two other police types—Capt. J. De Wet Steyn, a vigorous, efficient officer and a dead ringer for the best of New York's Irish cops; and, under him, a dispirited detective, a man near retirement who was watching his philosophy fail him.

The detective returned to Orlando on the night of March 28th, the windshield of his car shattered by a stone. He could not understand why it had happened to him, a man who had never used the sjambok unnecessarily. Nor could he understand his own son, who would not listen to him any more and was too big for his father to apply the corporal punishment on which his authority depended.

Steyn showed no weakness. He was a professional, trained to deal with mobs, and had he been in command at Sharpeville there would have been no gunplay. I watched him break up a stone-throwing crowd at Orlando, and his technique was a classically simple use of minimum force. He had full control of his men; and, as could be expected, the small disciplined force imposed its will on the larger undisciplined demonstration.

If I were a citizen of Johannesburg, I'd sleep better with Steyn in command than with the current chief, Col. Lemmer. I saw him lose his temper one March night and expel Stephen Barber of the '*News Chronicle*' from his press conferences. It was not an edifying sight. This was the first day of the Emergency Regulations, and the colonel was anxious to demonstrate that he was a law unto himself, above the courts and certainly above providing the simplest answer to a newspaper correspondent.

I did not have the pleasure of meeting Gen. Rademeyer, but I saw evidence of his having gone over the head of the Minister of Justice. If South Africa had become a full instead of semi-police state, he would have been a candidate for ruler; and it was not surprising that after a month of Emergency Regulations, the politicians sent him into involuntary retirement.

Having tried the police, a foreign correspondent automatically looks to the local press and wire services for information. For its day to day news about South Africa, the world depends mainly on the U.S. Associated Press and United Press International

and on Reuters, which draws on the South African Press Association (SAPA).

In the freemasonry of the world of journalism, it is customary for the foreign correspondent of a reputable newspaper to receive every courtesy from local newspapers or local wire service offices.

The South African Press Association not only expressly refused Gerald Clark and myself an opportunity to look at the reports they were sending abroad, but also thought it necessary to call the South African Government Information Service and inform it of our presence in South Africa.

In contrast, the South African English-language newspapers were most co-operative. The only exception, and that was understandable, occurred at Capetown. At 2 a.m. one morning after we had written our stories, I called the '*Cape Times*' to check whether there had been any recent developments that we had missed. The editor to whom I spoke refused to speak on the telephone, but suggested that if we called in person and identified ourselves he would assist us.

We went to the newspaper office in an expectant mood, believing the refusal to talk on the telephone indicated that some major development was taking place. But no, it turned out that this was a routine precaution—for fear that the conversation would be tapped by the police and the paper accused of supplying information to overseas correspondents.

Once our attention had been called to it, telephone tapping seemed to be an integral part of the South African way of life. Figures were quoted for the substantial sums which the telephone service had invested in tapping and recording devices; private citizens displayed a reluctance to use the telephone except for the most innocuous calls, and I was able to hear for myself the sound of recording machines on the lines of people who took an interest in politics. Frequently, I was asked not to call a person by telephone but rather meet him in person.

From a professional viewpoint and a rather jaded one at that, the most refreshing experience in South Africa is encountering the magazine called '*Drum*'. In an era when newspapers seldom crusade and when reporters depend on public relations officers for information, '*Drum*' and its Editor, Tom Hopkinson, practise an intrepid and purposeful brand of fundamental journalism. In North America it would be called muck-raking, an almost forgotten tradition established by Lincoln Steffens, a relentless exposer of corruption of all sorts.

'*Drum's*' factual reporting, its enterprising unveiling of the seamiest aspects of apartheid and its delightful pin-ups form a mixture that rouses torpid instincts in any newspaperman. "Why don't I give up my comfortable job," we say, "and work for peanuts with these people?" But, of course, we never do.

Most South African newspapermen I met knew the score and would dearly have liked to write as they saw. Amongst them are some of the most courageous journalists in the world, but too many have become inured to the daily indignities they see. Their shock mechanism no longer works. As one told me, "We are immunized against shame." Another looked at me wide-eyed and asked, "Do you get emotionally involved in your work?"

Perhaps one of my most embarrassing moments in the Union was when an editor summoned an African office-boy to expose his ignorance and indifference to politics. This performance was intended to disabuse me of any misguided notion that the average African wanted a vote. It only served to display the lack of communication between the white South African employer and his black employee.

White South Africans I met in ordinary daily contact on the street, in shops, or in buses and planes, seemed impelled to impress a visitor with their colossal ignorance of black South Africans. Seldom have I met more courteous people; they would walk blocks out of their way to guide me and, on the strength of a casual encounter, invite me into their homes.

The only abuse I received was at a Verwoerd rally, when an impassioned Nationalist mistook me for an American and accused me and the United States of plotting to invade the Union. We were after the gold, he declared, and he, a government purchasing official, had instituted a boycott of U.S. goods. I could not convince him that I was a Canadian, let alone persuade him that our southern neighbour had no designs on his country.

Despite Mr. Louw's conviction that foreign correspondents like locusts descend on the Union too frequently and with the sole intent of devastating the country, my experience is that most of my colleagues lean backwards to give the Nationalist Government an opportunity to present its case. One rival of mine from a Conservative journal was presented with Father Huddleston's '*Naught for Your Comfort*' on his departure from Canada. He religiously refused to read it for fear of becoming biased. His eyes were opened when the Johannesburg Stock

Exchange took him to its respectable bosom and one of its members introduced him to an underground radio broadcasting unit.

My own repeated requests for an interview with Prime Minister Verwoerd or any of his senior Cabinet Ministers was treated with disdain by the South African Government Information Service. The best they could offer me was a briefing from a junior public relations man. Despite this rebuff, my paper persevered until the moss-backed Minister of Bantu Administration, De Wet Nel, granted an interview to my successor, Robert Nielsen, who immediately replaced me when my stay in the Union was cut short.

A Canadian correspondent, 10,000 miles from home, works under the disadvantage of being out of touch with his editors. Cable service is poor and telephoning nearly impossible. Whether it is preoccupation with recording devices or not, service between South Africa and London is vastly inferior to that between London and Toronto.

Feeling very much cut off from Canada and wondering about the quality of my work, I was cheered one day at lunch in Cape Town when I overheard two diplomats discussing the same problem. One of them said that he felt the best reports he had made to his government had been written during his first month in South Africa. His impressions had then become blunted, and it was not until after he had completed two years in the Union that he felt he had regained the same standard of objectivity as he had reached immediately after his arrival.

In my own case, I flew from Canada with the Rev. Ross Flemington, President of New Brunswick's Mount Allison University and head of the Federation of Canadian Universities. I had not seen him since the war, when he had been a principal Protestant chaplain with the Canadian Army overseas. Mr. Flemington stopped over in Nairobi and reached Johannesburg a day or two after my arrival. Each of us spent about three weeks in South Africa going our separate ways. We compared notes after we returned home.

President Flemington had one advantage over me. He had been in Hitler Germany in 1934 and had been shocked by what he saw there. South Africa in 1960, he said, left the same sour smell in his nostrils.

I could not have asked for better corroboration of what I had been trying to say.

DIARY FROM REFUGE

AN ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENT

FOR those on the run from the Nationalists, South Africa has no friendly borders. There are only those enclaves which by historical accident as much as anything fell under the protection of the British Crown and are today the High Commission Territories of Basutoland, Swaziland, and Bechuanaland. Few of us who crossed into the Protectorates during the first critical three weeks of the South African Emergency had any memory or taste for the early history of Moshesh, clamouring for British protection from Free State encroachment on his lands, of Swaziland as a trophy, reluctantly garnered, of the Boer War, of Bechuanaland as a British take-over to forestall the imperial German advance from Walvis Bay. Those who fled in the direction of Lobatsi, Maseru and Mbabane knew that no passports were needed to cross the borders, that on some of the red-brown flying-dust roads bumping into the Territories there are not even signposts showing where Verwoerd rule ends and Commonwealth Relations Office suzerainty begins, and that immigration formalities would be slack or non-existent, certainly at the time of the first influx of "refugees".

This was no massed refugee movement such as poured across cinema screens during the frightening days of the fall of France; not even like the white efflux from the Congo when the Belgian bubble burst there a little while ago. But there were the elements of the chase, the precipitate departure at a time of sudden shock, the split second decision after the thud or peeling ring at the door bells of 1,900 odd homes, African, White, Indian and Coloured, as the raiding detectives shouldered their way into them in the small hours of the morning: "Public Safety Act—no warrants—not needed, Public Safety Act this time. No, no telephone calls." No questions answered. There is no point, after the first few, in asking any. Questions are simply not encouraged during Emergencies.

All the next day and for eight days after the Special Branch continued to haul in its catch, a ready-made silencer affixed to this lumbering police movement across the country. There is a ban on all, husbands, wives, sweethearts, children, from breathing aloud the names of those detained.

On How to Live in an Emergency. There are manuals on how to make friends and influence people, how to bring up children, how to do it yourself, how to make more money, to be a success . . . but nothing, yet, on how to live in an Emergency. This is the Alice in Wonderland world of sentence first, charge and verdict to follow. Arrests first, and the gazetting of the Emergency powers afterwards. There is the on-and-off-the-merry-go-round spectacle in court of lawyers filing *habeas corpus* papers for the release of detainees while the Crown assures the Court and the country that the Emergency is being proclaimed at that very moment, the regulations should arrive any minute, they are surely on their way. So on and on through the entire day and till after midnight, with one release application after another being trundled through only to be blocked by the Special Branch, which formally releases the bulk of the first detainees and then, as they move down the counter in a bolted and barred Marshall Square police headquarters, arrests them again—that orthodox laying of heavy hand on shoulder not omitted. At long last police action and State of Emergency are formally pronounced man and wife, after a ceremony long delayed while the bride caught up with the errant groom to drag him to the altar. The prisoners, briefly out of their cells, are back in again; and the Emergency is at long last recorded in cold black government printer's ink.

Some, very few, had not been home that night of the raids and these do not wait for a return visit from the same men in the tall hats. Where they can, they cross into the Protectorates: a half dozen to Bechuanaland; more to Basutoland; most, Africans and whites, to Swaziland.

Others, even fewer, were the subjects of the first *habeas corpus* applications and, released from custody, do not wait long. The journey begins. The seat of boldness is nowhere near the heart. Apprehension lies uneasily in the stomach and it is the quiver and gnawing there that turn the swift journey towards the mountains, the semi-desert, or the rolling hills of Swaziland from being the conventional long tripper's trek into South Africa's interior to a flight towards refuge. Even the most imperturbable feel that constriction in the stomach lessen as the journey draws to an end. The eager-beaver Sunday journalists, muted on other topics by Emergency conditions, ferret for the refugee-story and, on the whole, are disappointed. There is the trade unionist who crosses into Basutoland through the Caledon River, his boots and small roll of clothes on his head; but this sort of copy is hard to

come by. For most who leave the Union, the Emergency is too serious to angle for front page "human interest" stories.

Throwing off Emergency nerves takes time. Refuge brings a lifting of tension at first, then a surging back of anxieties, old and new found. Minor decisions create major conflicts. Homes have been left standing, office desks abandoned, commitments deserted, telephones ringing, meetings unattended, bills unpaid. The painful scars of this and any such emergency are the spouses and friends behind bars, broken families and bewildered children.

Later, weeks of refuge bring an obsessional preoccupation with the endless round of trivialities and chores. The daily programme allows for little variation: washing up, budgeting, pooling of food and rent to stretch resources. Guavas grow wild on the hillsides outside the town, best market days are Wednesdays and Saturdays. Milk is fetched from the chemist and newspapers from the outfitters. The never-ending search for accommodation; a fifth levered into a room crowded by four. New sleeping arrangements with an extra mattress here and a stretcher there, all set for the weekend when the door opens and three new arrivals walk confidently in. The hunt for jobs is given up early on by most, for residence permits mean no jobs. Some live on reserves for the most part, and a fund committee dispenses aid sent by Christian Action for the penniless. From roughing it at first with enamel mug, tin plate and sleeping bag, the refugees climb higher to the refinement of sending for the range of cooking pots from home. Some try to carry on businesses at long distance. There are garbled trunk calls, the fevered decisions for a changing business world three hundred miles away. Despite our status as refugees, white skins and income still remain the open sesame to comfort—a guilty thought while 1,900 detainee families are without breadwinners. The post is late today; no letters from the Johannesburg Fort for 11 days, and the hunger strike now in its sixth. The evening meal sticks in the gizzard. Refugee life is rootless, workless, even shiftless. But there are no interrogations, no cold beans on tin plates, no cement floors in grey cells. No barbed wire thicknesses through which to peer at relatives and then to bellow in a confused chorus of family news and good cheer. Not the claustrophobic curtailment of exercise-yard strides. The only contact with Authority is the controlled courtesy and easy calm of the government official, tradition-long removed from the bullying bluster of his Union counterpart.

Months spent here are a gash in time. Suspension in safety till life returns to normal. Will normality ever return? Isolation fattens rumour, and rumour feeds fear. For some comes the realization that at an age and time they did not choose, they need to build a new life in a strange country. But how travel away from South Africa without a passport? Papers, permits, birth certificates, yellow fever certificates, any papers, documentary proof of anything, as in a post-war transit camp, become certificates of status and intention. For most, however, plans are vague and amorphous, linked with the duration of the Emergency, and all the refugees really want is to go back home to South Africa to work again at the rounds that bring meaning into their lives.

The chit-chat ripples back from the bar counter and from that pub to the next. "You people should have stayed to take your medicine. Why didn't you face what was coming to you?" Ghosting the remonstrations is the debate on Bishop Reeves. Wrong to desert his flock. Right to leave in time, in safety, to complete urgent missions. Had he faced his challenge, or failed it? Had we? For the Bishop, say his detractors, it was meddling in politics to pass judgment on group areas, job reservation, and race classification. Reply his defenders: but these are Christian principles which reach from pulpit and pew to public place and personal conscience. Does one serve a cause better by being imprisoned or free? The public school attitude to the Bishop and to us is "play by the rules, face the music, you cad"—this presuming that it *is* all a game, that there are rules, and a white dustcoated umpire to guard their observance. But the rule of law is suspended in the Union and the niceties and conventions of evenly balanced teams and the rule book have been dispensed with altogether. Gone are witness box, open court, defence, court protocol. Emergencies respect no rules, no understanding between gentlemen. This has not been a flight from fair trial. Nor has it been flight from principle, or desertion of a cause, but a move surely to fight another day for both.

An adventurous Special Branch man infiltrates into the capital from the border post and is seen in the block of flats where most of the refugees live, though his rap on the door lacks that peremptory summons it would have had on his home ground. The wife of a refugee, seriously ill for months, faints in the doctor's consulting room downstairs. The two stories converge on one another and appear as cause and effect in one of Johannesburg's dailies: "Refugee faints at sight of Special Branch" runs the version.

The chatter about the refugees grows more daring. Into one of Swaziland's weeklies '*The Swaziland Chronicle*' some of the chit-chat spills. In the PUB CHATTER column, 'Barfly' writes:

> "There are too many refugees in Swaziland. The Passover is over—time some of them passed back."

There is a steady weekly stream of provocation and insult. It is rumoured that there is a price on the heads of the refugees, and a well-lined purse awaits any intrepid Swazilander who delivers a human trophy to the border post. Gossip commandeers fact. The refugees are spreading sedition in Swaziland. They have been seen addressing meetings at the Market Square. "How did you know they were refugees?" "Oh, we knew, they wore beards. . . ." At supper time the bearded refugees, three in all, are subjected to close scrutiny by the whole accusing table. All three solemnly shake their heads. For the most part the local populace is indifferent to our presence. Some are warmly sympathetic, some undisguisedly hostile; and for this latter group the hearsay deeds grow in enormity with the telling.

Even now, six weeks later, the Emergency is still very much with us; and the Union's Minister of Justice, Mr. Erasmus, brings it sidling closer. Another of those tirades sweeps the Union Assembly based on the technique of making the charges first and then issuing orders to the Special Branch to prove them afterwards. This time the Minister gives Parliament five earnest reasons why the Emergency cannot be lifted at once; amongst them, one that nibbles at our asylum only five driving hours away. So long as wanted persons who have taken refuge in the Protectorates have not been extradited and the Union Government is unable to fetch them, the Emergency must continue. Adds the Minister: the Government is negotiating with the British Government for the extradition of these persons.

Post-haste the day after comes the first slight retraction. No request for extradition had yet been made to Britain, but on May 5th "a verbal request was made to a senior member of the staff of the High Commissioner of the United Kingdom for the names of persons who had crossed into the Protectorates to escape the provisions of the Emergency Regulations, and a reply was received that a 'reply will be given in due course'."

Extradition, say the law books learnedly, relates to the surrender by one State to another of persons who are fugitives from justice. Under British practice, no person accused of a purely

political offence can be extradited. But the Fugitive Offenders Act of 1881 governs the surrender of fugitives by the Commonwealth Relations Office and here, the pundits say, political offences are *not* excluded.

Inconclusive maze-winding arguments by sea-lawyers on the law and its meaning are inevitable among the refugees; and the issues echo in the Lords and Commons, where assurances are given by the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations that the British Government will not turn anyone from the Union over to the South African authorities on political grounds. The point which troubles questioners, however, is the precise dividing line between what would constitute "political grounds" and what would constitute a criminal offence.

> Mr. Gaitskell: If South African legislation makes political acts a criminal offence, does that in any way weaken the Minister's assurance that only persons who might be charged under the South African Criminal Code will be sent back?

On this point, say our press reports, Mr. Alport was not at all clear, even after repeated questioning. Heads move together round the dining-room table while the refugees, each with a competing favourite phrase, compose their retort to the extradition demand of the Union authorities.

> *We are not criminals in flight, but fugitives from injustice.*
>
> *We are required not because we have committed offences against laws normally found operative in democratic countries, but for alleged violations of political laws that are peculiar to South Africa. In the past 12 years the Union Government has passed a number of Acts of Parliament creating special and unusual offences designed to make any political opposition to the Government, particularly by non-whites, a crime.*
>
> *We have committed no crimes. We have sought political asylum not out of any consciousness of guilt but because of the arbitrary and haphazard way in which, under the Emergency, innocent people whom the Government knows it cannot successfully prosecute, have been summarily detained. We are certain that the object of the Government in seeking our extradition is not for the purpose of trying us, with due process of law, but indeed to deny us fair trial and imprison us indefinitely under the Emergency Regulations.*
>
> *As for the Minister's charge that while in the Protectorates we are engaging in subversive activities against South Africa, this is sheer*

invention intended to prejudice us in the eyes of the British Government. We are living through a miniature 1960 frontier war in which the South African Minister of Justice tries to turn three scattered little groups of political refugees into hostages for the lifting of the Emergency.

Britain will do no bargaining over the bodies of the refugees, the House of Commons is assured a week later. Meanwhile, in the Union, the Nationalist Party press and lobby have been reminded that upheaval in a seething country can be reduced to the work of "agitators"—either those sheltering in the Protectorates or others still to be uncovered. It's the old story: lock up the agitators and the "Bantu" will be contented; charge the spokesmen of the strikers and the factory hands will find their wafer-thin pay envelopes enough; censor the press and South Africans will encounter nothing but goodwill abroad. Wrongs are not wrong until someone writes or talks about them, for only when "agitators" verbalize dissatisfaction does it exist.

The Union's political police, the Special Branch, operate on the same "agitator" principle.

> "Who," Special Branch interrogators asked successive detainees hauled up in the prisons for questioning, "*Who* is the Master-Mind?"

For a week the newspaper skirmish with the British Government on the subject of refugees becomes a useful diversion from the Emergency proper. Posses of police are drafted from the routine exercise of harassing Africans for passes and digging for illicit beer in township back yards, and are posted on duty at police barriers across all roads leading into the Protectorates. Proof of identity is demanded of drivers and passengers, while car interiors and luggage compartments are searched. Routine stops at the police posts become part of the journey to and from Swaziland, like stopping for petrol. A mischievous Swazilander cannot deny himself the joy of announcing "Van Rensburg" when his name is demanded, to roar aloud at the rapturous shout of the police patrol: "Jirrah! We've got one", and then to roar again seconds later at the crestfallen look on the face of his disillusioned captor. The borders have been slammed shut after the refugees have fled, and the Union authorities are saying ominously that they will wait for 20 years if need be to get their hands on them, while they carefully seal off all such escape routes from the Union.

Slowly refugee routine and Swaziland routine begin to converge. Uprooted and third generation settlers alike share the speculation about how near or far off the projected rail-line is; the spectacle of the spit-and-polish smartness of the African police parade for the Queen's Birthday celebration; and the twice a week queue in the local library. There's comfort in identification with the conventional round, and there is reassurance in the head-nods during the slow progress up the main street, although conversation rarely moves beyond the polite exchange of slight neighbourly acquaintance. Refugee preoccupation with jails and police raids, censored letters from cells, the deportation of African youngsters from the cities on the grounds that adolescent idlers graduate into adult agitators (even Master-Minds?) are on the whole—with some warming exceptions—not at all the subjects for polite talk. Hotly expressed revulsion with Nationalist policies is a welcome binding agent between refugee and Swazilander, but there remains a puzzling self-righteousness about Swazilanders that this is a land of *no politics*, as though it constituted superior taste or finesse to keep the atmosphere clear of controversy. Some of the advocates of *no politics* are the violent few who mutter darkly in corners against the refugees, since their very presence in asylum is held to import undesirable issues into the country. Then, surprisingly, this same group turns out to be the small clique from which emanates the plot to return runaways, kidnapping them back to the Union if need be. Do the people who insist on *no politics* really mean "no arguments against my politics?" The kidnap threats do not come to anything, although two heavy-booted Swazi policemen spend several cold nights pacing the pavements before the refugee-occupied block of flats while the refugees, to their shame, hold an uproarious party upstairs, with the excuse that it is easier to guard everyone in one place and, while we are all together, why not be jolly?

Three months, one quarter of 1960, draw to a close, and the permit issue looms. When first refugees crossed into Swaziland, the Immigration Law was amended to enable the High Commissioner to by pass the Immigration Board procedure and issue special permits, entirely at his discretion, subject to withdrawal at any time and to any conditions laid down by the High Commissioner. On the day that the three-month period expires for the first of the refugees, the set of conditions is produced and an undertaking requested that the permit holder will take no part in

politics in the Protectorates or in any territory bordering upon them. With the conditions of release for the first Union detainees let out of prison still fresh in our ears, the conditions for asylum from the Nationalists have an ominous ring.

We have no intention of becoming involved in Swaziland politics. But the right of self-defence and of reply to false attacks, which the conditions of the permit will deny us completely, is another thing altogether. We recognize that the right to engage in Swaziland affairs is the prerogative of its own citizenry. We appreciate that we are the guests of the High Commission authorities and of Great Britain. We want to continue to enjoy political asylum in Swaziland. We have no intention of converting Swaziland into a base from which to launch "subversive attacks" on the Union, as charged by the Union Minister of Justice; nor would we be able, even if we wished, to organize and control the affairs and activities of Union political bodies from a Protectorate. Yet we do feel that we cannot accept restrictions on our right to defend ourselves when under fire. What does the term "politics" embrace? The undertaking gives little guidance on precisely what we are permitted to do and to say, so that we may find we have breached it in ignorance and are therefore liable not only to expulsion but to criminal prosecution. Where the undertaking is specific, it seems it would preclude us from drawing attention to our plight, or from campaigning for the repeal of the Emergency Regulations, for the release of relatives and friends who are detainees, and for our right to return to our homes and families without hindrance. The undertaking would prohibit us from commenting on, or writing articles for the press in the Union, Britain, or further afield on any issue relating to events in South Africa.

We are only too conscious that we must not take any course which would justify the authorities in terminating our asylum and we are anxious to consult with the authorities about the wisdom of any stand we might wish to take. The power of the High Commissioner to terminate the permit of any refugee whose actions offend is the ultimate sanction and surely safeguard enough against the development of any embarrassing situations. We add, politely, that we find the undertaking vitally objectionable and will not sign it.

The issue of how to treat political refugees should be relatively simple for a country like Britain that has a time-honoured tradition of giving asylum, from the days of Mazzini before modern Italy, to Kossuth in the time of Gladstone, even to Marx. What bedevils the issue? Policy towards Nationalist South Africa is one of the touchstones by which the emergent African continent

judges the stand of the world powers; and where she has to choose between the Union and the rest of Africa, Britain has already shown that obscurantist Nationalist Government policies are expendable. It is the delicate relationship between the Union and Britain over the Protectorates which clearly inhibits Britain in handling the problem of the refugees (a small problem, admittedly, if one counts the number of refugees involved, but as large as any point of principle). Is it not out of consideration for Union attitudes that Britain imposes these severe conditions on the refugees?

Since Union in 1910, the three High Commission Territories have been like the children of a broken marriage. Britain has custody of the offspring; but South Africa has remained the belligerent father, unreconciled by the terms of the separation agreement or the passing of the years, seeking pretexts again and again to reclaim custody. When there are no pretexts, the Union Government will invent them; for, like the Republic, incorporation of the Protectorates is one of the few diversionary items left in the Nationalist Party cupboard—food to take the minds of impatient party supporters away from real issues in the Union. In the Africa of 1960, there is no hint that Britain would agree to any changed status for the Protectorates. The Nationalists are further than ever from getting custody. But any hint of concession to Union pressure, on whatever issue connected with the Protectorates, will be an open invitation to the Union to press her claims more strongly. The economic links between the Union and the Protectorates, the heavy dependence by the three countries on the Union's labour market, even the dual rôle of the High Commissioner as Britain's diplomatic representative to the Union and at the same time chief protector of the Territories, have all helped to blur the fact that the Territories remain independent of the Union. Harbouring refugees from Nationalist injustice might be "embarrassing" for a power that would rather no extraneous issue interfered with a well-ordered pattern of relations between the two governments. But the best-ordered relationships are disturbed by Emergencies; and, in the Union, Emergencies are endemic, like typhoid in the jails. In the April 1960 crisis the patient's temperature leapt to the top of the graph and his convulsions were alarmingly violent, but the patient has lived to convalesce until the next fever mounts. For those in the vicinity, on her borders, on the same continent, in the same world, no safe immunisation from these epidemics has yet been found. They threaten to touch us all.

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REFERENDUM FOR A REPUBLIC

L. J. BLOM-COOPER

Legal Correspondent for ' The Observer ' and ' The Guardian ';
sent to report on the South African Treason Trial for ' Justice '.

In 1942, amid the global clash of arms, the Nationalists of South Africa gave their followers and opponents a foretaste of what was to come with their advent to power. On January 23rd, at the zenith of German prowess in the world war, they propagated their idea of what a modern State's constitution should look like. Neither Hitler nor Mussolini would have disavowed the brainchild of their champions in Southern Africa.

Both '*Die Transvaler*' and '*Die Burger*' of that date carried in their columns, with the authority of Dr. Malan, a draft republican constitution. The architects of that remarkably sinister document were Mr. Strydom and the then editor of '*Die Transvaler*', Dr. Verwoerd. In the ensuing years, with the decline of Nazi power in Europe and the all-important South African election on the horizon, both Dr. Malan and Mr. Strydom attempted to escape the consequences of having associated themselves with the draft constitution. But even Dr. Malan was moved to admit that it did represent a rough outline of what the Afrikaners aimed to achieve, though he claimed that it was only a draft and a malleable document. As far as I know, no such disavowal has ever been known to pass the lips of Dr. Verwoerd, who has now at last thrust upon the white electorate of the Union a referendum for a republic. What must be of especial significance to the South African of 1960, now expected by Nationalists to ignore the 1942 draft, is how many of the broad aims of that constitution are already a part of the law of the land. After all, the constitutional struggle with the Courts over the Cape Coloured voters may have appeared to be a trifling issue over which to rend the nation in two; but it clearly reflected the provisions of Article 3 of the draft constitution which stated—"the white subjects who are acknowledged as members of the State by the Government will be called 'burgers' without distinction of race" and "only 'burgers' can obtain the right to vote with regard to the government of the republic as such . . ."

Article 11 (d) has also been achieved by the parliamentary accretion of power over the lives of all Africans in the Union. This article says that the "attitude of whites over against (a bizarre and ironical inarticulateness on the part of the Afrikaner

draftsman) non-whites is being regulated in the spirit of Christian guardianship by the former over the latter. The principle of no mixing of blood and of segregation must be maintained as of fundamental importance for the future existence of a white civilization in the Republic of South Africa''.

If English-speaking people in South Africa and other opponents of the Nationalists were not greatly perturbed by the appearance of the draft constitution in 1942, the implied effect of a vote for republicanism in 1960 is a very real threat, whether or not such a draft constitution is waved in their faces. To those British South Africans whose attachment to the Crown has probably never been more vigorous than now, the coming of a republic is one more step in the long line of defeats suffered at the hands of the Afrikaner 'volkseenheid'. After the declaration of a republic, there may come that government control of education which has been increasing ever since the fatal day in 1948 when Dr. Malan and his henchmen were swept into power.

But worse still in the minds of the English-speaking South Africans would be the demotion of their language. If they could be certain that a republic was merely the removal of the symbol of British domination, they might be less willing to exhibit their opposition at the ballot boxes on October 5th. But the draft constitution must dispel any thought that the Nationalists would keep their predatory hands off so large a prize. As a matter of priority in the draft constitution, ''Afrikaans, as the language of the original white inhabitants of the country (an historical inaccuracy, since High Dutch prevailed as the Afrikaner's tongue to well into the twentieth century), will be the first official language. English will be regarded as a second or supplementary language and will enjoy equal rights, freedom and privileges with the first official language everywhere and whenever such treatment is judged by the State authority to be in the best interests of the State and its inhabitants''. If evidence were needed that the Afrikaners are in earnest about this provision and that there has not been any change of heart in this respect since 1942, one need only look to the Courts. Whereas the majority of Court judgments were delivered in English until very recently, the reverse is now the case. The Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Steyn, in fact makes it a practice to deliver every judgment in Afrikaans, even though all the parties to the action are English-speaking and the whole of the proceedings have been conducted in that language.

Thus to the English-speaking peoples it must appear that the referendum is their last-ditch stand. Once this incursion is made and conceded, their own culture will have been submerged in an Afrikaner sea. But if that is not enough to convince the South Africans of the results of republican status, the fascist-style draft constitution—taken with the record of apartheid these last 12 years—is the surest indication of the aim to produce a National-Socialist government in South Africa in order to maintain the supremacy of the white race.

Article 11 of the draft constitution needs only to be read to be believed. The provisions require no comment. "The public tone of the life of the Republic is Christian-National without any forcing of conscience, and the honouring of this tone of life is demanded in all public activities which have a formative influence upon the spirit of the people. The propagation of any State policy and the existence of any political organization which is in strife with the fulfilling of this Christian-National vocation of life of the people is forbidden". The article goes on in that vein throughout and significantly adds: "the Republic acknowledges the freedom of the organization and government of churches, provided that their acts do not disturb the public order, undermine the national morals or attack the authority of the State".

While all the aims of the draft constitution can be, and some indeed have been, achieved without the act of becoming a republic, there is a deep significance in the referendum. Isolation from her neighbours in the world would become complete, if the act of republicanism were to result in the expulsion of South Africa from the Commonwealth. And the relations with the wider international community would hardly be improved. It is in fact South Africa's attitude towards her international responsibilities that could tip the scales against a vote for Dr. Verwoerd.

After deciding initially to exclude the whites of South-West Africa from the referendum, the Nationalist Cabinet reversed that decision on the ground that the slender majority expected from the four provinces needed strengthening by the few tens of thousands of white voters in the mandated territory—but in practice fifth province—of South-West Africa. From experience since 1949 when the whites of the territory had representation in the Union Parliament, white South-West provides a solid block of Nationalist support.

The International Court of Justice declared in its advisory opinion of 1950 that the mandate status of the territory persisted and that the obligations owed by South Africa to the League were transferred automatically to the United Nations. It was therefore wrong for the Union to regard South-West Africa as a fifth province of the Union. While the Union Parliament was strictly entitled to legislate for the mandated territory, it could not unilaterally alter the status of the territory. Sovereignty lay not with the Union, but probably with the United Nations or at least in suspended animation. South-West Africa is therefore a foreign country in relation to all constitutional issues within the Union. Granting the right to white South-West Africans to vote in the referendum is as though the British Government allowed all Frenchmen with incomes over £3000 a year to vote in a British general election. It is unthinkable that the destinies of Britishers should depend on the vital vote of a few Frenchmen. To claim the contrary in South-West is to show that South Africa regards the mandated territory as part of the Union. This is in defiance of the ruling of the International Court of Justice and the United Nations.

The challenge to the Nationalists to justify their grant of a referendum franchise to the white South-West Africans and the projected assault upon the Union Government's failure to carry out its obligations towards the United Nations when the General Assembly meets in September may prove at last that the mandated territory is in reality the Achilles' heel of apartheid.

THE SACRED TRUST OF SOUTH WEST AFRICA

THE REV. MICHAEL SCOTT

Director of the Africa Bureau and Petitioner for the non-white peoples of South West Africa at the United Nations.

No question coming before the 1960 General Assembly could be more clear-cut in terms of right and wrong than that of South West Africa. Yet in terms of action, of procedure, of politics and international law, the answer is no more definite today after fourteen years of debate than it was in the year the United Nations was born. Failure to resolve it has become a reproach to the Western world (for it is peculiarly a Western problem) and to Western concepts of the scope of international law and trusteeship. What has been happening in this obscure corner of Africa during the fourteen years that it has been debated in the U.N., is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual disgrace. The disgrace is none the less because it has grown to its present magnitude while fear of Communism has so engrossed the United States and Britain that their own vital principles of law and justice have been undermined by neglect.

It will be recalled that it was on account of the tragic consequences of Germany's first attempts to carry the doctrine of the herrenvolk to its practical conclusions in South West Africa that the Hereros were reduced from eighty thousand to fifteen thousand men, and that women and children and the Nama and Berg Damara tribes were similarly massacred. This so outraged the conscience of the civilized world at the end of World War I (*vide* the British Government's Blue Book C.D.9146) that the decision was taken by America, Britain and the other Allies to establish the principle of international accountability for the former colonial possessions of Germany and the Central Powers.

Today in many parts of Africa there is being reaped the whirlwind that was sown half a century ago. The white man, in his pride and often ruthless self-aggrandisement when removed from his own native soil, failed to understand the gigantic human problems he was creating by his own impact on Africa. For he was doing much more than bringing to Africa a gospel of deliverance; he was rolling up the blinds on a new culture that revealed new satisfactions and demands. He did not understand the effect on the Africans of liberation from something very much more than slavery by the impact of modern civilization

and new political institutions and ideas. Instead of recognizing the political corollary of his religious and educational policies as African self-government, he sought to retard politically those whom every other influence he had brought with him was galvanising into new intellectual life.

If the white man's morality and political philosophy in the early twentieth century had been able to match his progress in the physical and applied sciences, Europe would not have been brought to the brink of destruction twice in our generation by an arrogant nationalism and the power of an irrational myth which, however demonstrably nonsensical and "unscientific", was yet capable of the worst crimes against humanity ever perpetrated. We must continually remind ourselves—in viewing the problem of South and South West Africa—that the planned destruction of no one knows now how many millions of men, women and children was the act, not of a primitive and backward people, but of one of the most highly developed and technically advanced States in the world.

Thus it is that although the South West African Mandate may seem a small and obscure question on the U.N. agenda, it is big with implications for Africa and the Western world. The present generation of white people in South Africa will inherit the whirlwind sown by our forefathers in the inadequacy of their religion, morality and politics, unless there are some who can rise to the challenge of the African tomorrow. For tomorrow is born out of today. It is a tomorrow in which the white man could have a far different role to play in the construction of a new civilization with new values to match the new techniques of the coming nuclear age.

In terms of procedure, it seems as though the independent African States will seek a judgment from the International Court of Justice on South Africa's non-fulfilment of the Mandate. This is being done because all previous recommendations both of the General Assembly and the International Court of Justice have been ignored by South Africa and by those members of the Commonwealth—such as the United Kingdom—who are most intimately bound to her and to the sacred trust of the Mandate, through the British Crown to which the Mandate was originally entrusted.

It may be, therefore, that a judgment will have to be sought in two different stages. The first would be concerned with establishing the extent of United Nations jurisdiction, including if necessary its power to revoke the Mandate, as well as the

standing of individual Member States of the former League of Nations, to settle whether their rights under the Mandate treaty extend from particular questions affecting them as individual States to the whole application of the Mandate.

It seems unlikely that the Court would give an advisory opinion on whether South Africa's present administration constitutes a violation of the Mandate. This would in part be the subject of the judgment which it is then proposed to seek in the face of South Africa's rejection of all the resolutions of the General Assembly over fourteen years and of the three advisory opinions of the International Court on the status and continuing responsibilities of South Africa towards the United Nations and the Court under the Mandate.

The purpose of seeking such a judgment of the Court would be to terminate South Africa's jurisdiction over South West Africa and so enable the United Nations to assume direct administration of the Territory, with the aid of all its specialised agencies, until the people as a whole are able to govern themselves.

In this connection, the opinions of two British judges of the International Court, Sir Arnold McNair and Sir Hersch Lauterpacht, should be quoted, together with the conclusion of the United Nations Committee on South West Africa.

In a separate opinion published with the advisory opinion of 1950, Sir Arnold stated: "Although there is no longer any League to supervise the exercise of the Mandate, it would be an error to think that there is no control over the Mandatory. Every State which was a member of the League at the time of its dissolution still has a legal interest in the proper exercise of the Mandate. The Mandate provides two kinds of machinery for its supervision—judicial, by means of the right of any Member of the League under Article 7 to bring the Mandatory compulsorily before the permanent Court, and administrative, by means of annual reports and their examination by the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League . . ."

In 1955 Sir Hersch Lauterpacht said: "A State may not be acting illegally by declining to act upon a recommendation or series of recommendations on the same subject. But in doing so it acts at its peril when a point is reached when the cumulative effect of the persistent disregard of the articulate opinion of the Organization is such as to foster the conviction that the State in question has become guilty of disloyalty to the Principle and

Purposes of the Charter. (Such a) State . . . may find that it has overstepped the imperceptible line between impropriety and illegality . . . and that it has exposed itself to consequences legitimately following as a legal sanction''.

The conclusion to which the U.N. Committee on South West Africa has come after six years' exhaustive study of the problem may be summarized in the words of the Committee's Report to the General Assembly for 1959.

''The Committee has become increasingly disturbed at the trend of the administration in recent years, and at the apparent intention of the Mandatory Power to continue to administer the Territory in a manner contrary to the Mandate, the Charter of the United Nations, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, the advisory opinions of the International Court of Justice, and the resolutions of the General Assembly . . .

''The Committee considers it essential to the welfare and security of the peoples of South West Africa that the administration of the Territory be altered without undue delay in order to ensure the political, economic, social and educational development of the whole of the population and the application of the principle of equal rights and opportunities for all of the inhabitants. Having examined conditions in the Territory for the sixth successive year, however, the Committee cannot fail to conclude that such an essential change in the administration is not likely to occur, owing to the intransigence of the Mandatory Power and its exercise of uncontrolled authority over the Territory. The Committee accordingly recommends, with a view to the protection of the fundamental rights of the inhabitants of the Territory under the Mandates System, that the General Assembly should consider means of ensuring the fulfilment by the Union Government of its obligations under the Mandate and the Charter with respect to South West Africa in the event that the Union Government persists in its rejection of the supervisory authority of the United Nations over the administration of the Territory.''

While it is true perhaps that South West Africa is part of the larger problem of South Africa's whole race policy and has been referred to the Security Council for action that is still awaited, the Mandate debate offers and necessitates another procedure. Even if long drawn out it may prove as challenging to South Africa in the end as anything that the Security Council may be able or unable to do in the very near future.

THE HORROR OF MOÇAMBIQUE

CHIKOMUAMI MAHALA

Member of the Revolutionary Front for the Liberation of the Portuguese Colonies.

SINCE 1951, Moçambique has ceased to be a 'colony'. On June 11th, 1951, the Portuguese Government decided that the 'colonies' should become 'Overseas Provinces'. But what is it that has changed?

When in the last years of the fifteenth century the ships of Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape and reached at last the Moçambique coast, the Portuguese found Arab and Indian traders already installed in the northern part of the territory. These had arrived several centuries earlier, and had for long traded with the Africans, particularly in gold and ivory. And though the Portuguese may have taken to the high seas in order to discover a route to India, it is certain that they had already heard of the ivory and above all the gold of this 'fabulous realm of Monomotapa which stretches from the highlands of the Zambesi down to the sea at Sofala.' For from the first they sought to establish trading posts along the coast, to serve at once as supply stations on the route to India and depots for trade with the Africans.

Little by little the Portuguese set about dislodging the Asian merchants from their positions. They would first make war on the Oriental Sultans, then on the Africans themselves. With the trading stations, the fortresses, the Ambassadors of the Crown with which they surrounded the African kings, the first missionaries would arrive, and an army of occupation.

Right up to the first years of the nineteenth century, the Portuguese had full control only over the trading stations along the coast. The only area in which they established themselves in numbers was on the Zambesi, where they laid areas under cultivation—the Prazos. Soon however a new phase of colonial history began. The effects of the industrial revolution were making themselves felt, and the commercial companies put in their appearance. In order to retain trade monopolies over whole regions, it was no longer enough to have trading posts: the occupation of the hinterland became essential. Thus, when towards the middle of the nineteenth century the imperial powers in Europe were feverishly preparing to occupy and exploit the African interior, Portugal also redoubled her efforts to conquer the hinterland and prevent Britain from overtaking her.

By exploiting differences between African kings, multiplying 'treaties,' 'protective alliances,' and 'punitive expeditions,' the Portuguese sought to overcome the resistance put up by the African peoples, who had up till then managed to contain them in the fortified trading posts on the coast. A powerful obstacle, and the last great bastion of African liberty, then confronted them: the Vatua empire, founded by Manicussi about 1833. In the wave of unification which swept the Bantu society of the time, Manicussi and his successors Muzila and Gungunyama had built an empire extending across the regions of the Limpopo up to the Pungue river, and perhaps right as far as the Zambesi. Despite the technical superiority of the Portuguese, their victory over the Vatua army was an arduous one, and was not complete until 1897, with the heroic death of Maguiguana, the Vatua general who organized popular resistance after the capture of his sovereign, Gungunyama.

However, the 'pacification' of the territory had still to continue for some twenty years, as each tribe heroically defended its own freedom.

For the Africans, defeat meant the end of their hopes of remaining free men. Their whole existence was now to be ruled by the determination somehow to survive. The Zambesi continues to flow in its bed as wide as a great sea, but its waters no longer carry the gold from Monomotapa. From the Congo, through Angola and Rhodesia, its waters now carry the sweat and the suffering of men in the mines and the fields. To its banks cling villages in the middle of the bush, with their huts, their raised granaries and here and there a palm tree tall in the sun. Leaving the last cotton fields and palm trees of Moçambique, it throws itself with jubilation into the immensity of the ocean. It is as if the river itself understood the necessity for reminding men every day of the need to strive towards freedom.

The whole cultural wealth of the peoples of Moçambique bears witness to their refusal to perish. It is proof of their will to survive in spite of everything. In spite of the presence of the Portuguese, the tom-toms still sound in the Batuques on moonlit nights. The woodcarvings of the Makondes have already been seen all over the world, reproduced in specialist publications. Chope music has been set down in note form, and the sound of the famous 'tambilas' (balaphones) of the Chope musicians is still heard throughout Moçambique.

The black people have guarded well their inmost treasure, which is their language. For language is the collective memory

of a people. The African languages have been the vehicles of the countless proverbs, stories, fables, poems, and songs which make up our heritage of oral literature.

But today the African languages are deprived of any status. Teaching in the vernacular is permitted only in so far as it is a medium for learning Portuguese. Nevertheless, from end to end of the country, barely 1 per cent of the African population knows Portuguese. For if the Portuguese forbid the teaching of African languages, they do not favour the teaching of their own language to Africans either—quite the contrary. To the Portuguese, all that is important is 'native' labour, cheap manual labour.

Approximately 90 per cent of the Africans live off the soil, for Moçambique, like all African countries, is essentially agricultural. Since traditional methods of agriculture are today of very little commercial value, the land is largely divided up into huge 'concessions' and 'plantations', which belong solely to Europeans and produce the main export crops. The plantations belong to large agricultural companies, and some of them are highly mechanised, employing a large African labour force. Among the most important are the Incomati Sugar Estates, the Companhea Colonial do Buzi, the Sena Sugar Estates, all producing sugar; the Companhea do Boror, and Sociedad Agricola do Madal producing copra; and a large number of other plantations of sisal, jute and tea. Several of them, such as the Companhea do Boror, are enormous industrial enterprises. With its 89,324 hectares and its two million trees producing 13,000 tons of copra annually, it is the world's biggest copra plantation owned by a single enterprise.

The 'concessions' are different. They are vast regions of small holdings, in which the peasants are compelled to produce a predetermined quota, which is assessed and imposed by the administration. In a region 'conceded' by the State to a 'concessionary' society, which holds the purchasing monopoly over the total produce, the African peasant is obliged to cultivate certain crops—such as rice or cotton—at the expense of all other, food-producing, crops, so that he is entirely at the mercy of fluctuations in the international market, as well as the caprices of the seasons.

It even happens, in the case of rice for example, and in years when the harvest is poor, that the peasants are forced to sell all their crop. If they need cereal for their own personal con-

sumption, they must pay for it on the open market at six or seven times the price for which they sold it.

The export of cotton is all channelled through Lisbon. Cotton grows sporadically everywhere, but mainly in the northern regions of Nyassa. Because of the very large areas it occupies, the great number of manual labourers required, and the way in which production is organized, cotton cultivation remains of considerable significance in Moçambique. The State fixes the price, insists on a monopoly over exporting it, and through protectionist laws guarantees sufficient supplies to industries in Portugal. The Portuguese textile manufacturers thus find in Moçambique a source of raw material produced by cheap manual labour, at a price lower than that on the international market. These are the very same manufacturers that later export 'African' cotton cloths to be sold in the market-places of Moçambique.

Agricultural products are at present the primary source of revenue to the country. They are nearly all condemned to export, because Moçambique remains to this day stagnant in an industrialising world. Portugal is itself an under-developed country of course, and cannot therefore be the motor for any important economic development in Moçambique. One quick glance at the colony's external trade establishes only 28 per cent of imports as coming from Portugal. The rest comes from other countries, such as the United States, Union of South Africa, England and Belgium. And while the goods imported from Portugal are consumer goods, such as textiles, clothes, wines, jams, it is the other countries which sell agricultural and industrial equipment, vehicles and fuels to Moçambique.

An important part of the capital invested in Moçambique is equally not Portuguese. Of the three banks trading there, only one is Portuguese (Banco Nacional Ultramarino); the two others are Barclay's Bank and the Standard Bank of South Africa. Eight of the 23 insurance companies are not Portuguese either. Capital for a large number of agricultural and industrial enterprises is wholly or partly foreign.

Only a very small proportion of raw materials is absorbed on the spot. There is a small textile factory belonging to a subsidiary of a colonial cotton development company whose principal is in Portugal. A few small industries can also be listed, which produce flour (from manioc and maize), beer, ground-nut oil, soaps, cement, as well as plants for refining

sugar, polishing rice, processing rubber, and making Italian pastas.

Coal is the principal mineral wealth at present being exploited, and production attained 218,299 tons in 1956. The Companhea Carbonisera possesses a capital of 1,360,000 dollars, shared mainly by the Belgian Société Minière (40 per cent), the Companhea do Moçambique (private Portuguese capital—30 per cent) and the Portuguese Government (10 per cent).

To these activities can be added stock-breeding, fishing, and fish-curing, the exploiting of oil and of metals—but all at a very low level of production.

The common factor among all these different activities is manual labour. Black, poverty-stricken manual labour. Whether in the plantations or in the concessions, in the extractive and processing industries or in the building trade, it is the black man who provides the labour. To Europeans come 'naturally' the administrative posts.

Several writers, like Basil Davidson and John Gunther, have described the organisation of labour in Portuguese colonies. In particular they have denounced the new form of slavery in the forced labour imposed under the 'contract' system. We shall not go over this ground again. Let us recall only the mechanism. The planters put their demands to the administrative authorities, and these are responsible for forcibly recruiting enough labour in the villages to satisfy the demand. Thus the negro is no longer a slave—today, he is a 'Contratado'.

Official statistics show that African male workers in agriculture are paid from 3 escudos 70 centimes per day, and women from 3 escudos 50 centimes, children 2 escudos 10 centimes. In the mines, workers are paid from 5 escudos 50 centimes, and in some processing industries as much as 8 escudos 70 centimes. The same statistics show that wages for Coloureds and 'assimilados' vary between 370 and 900 escudos per month; and those for Europeans between 1,600 and 3,900 escudos, reaching 5,000 and 7,000 escudos per month in industry.

To this picture of forced and underpaid labour, must be added the unpaid compulsory labour imposed 'in the public interest'. The law actually lays down that prison sentences may be replaced by compulsory labour. As any excuse is good enough to arrest an African, the State is assured of a considerable supply of workers without spending the smallest sum.

The 'Native Tax' is one of the means used for obtaining free

labour. Every black man being compelled to pay tax, he must therefore somehow find the money. He will search for work either in the plantations or in the mines or factories, or even among European families as 'boy'. However, as the annual tax is usually as high as, if not higher than, the monthly salary, an appreciable number of Africans never manage to collect the necessary sum. They are then arrested, and for six months they build roads, railways, houses, working free for the State.

By the Convention of September 11th, 1926, with the Union of South Africa, and that of June 30th, 1934, with Southern Rhodesia, the Portuguese Government is bound to send to these countries a quota of approximately 160,000 workers. In return, South Africa and Rhodesia agree to channel a large proportion of their exports through Moçambique to the ports of Beira and Lourenço Marques. This emigration forms a source of foreign exchange, 'an important source of revenue' for the Portuguese Government, as Henrique Galvao and Carlos Selvagem express it in their study '*Imperio ultramarino Portugues*' (*Vol. IV*).

To legal emigrants must be added the thousands of illegal emigrants. The worker often prefers to emigrate, for the other side of the frontier wages are higher, despite everything. But he will avoid being enrolled in the official contingents, if he can, because that may be worse than staying behind. He thus chooses the secret way. He can join the labour market in the adjoining territory, and defend his own interests better than the Portuguese labour recruiting agents are likely to do.

In January 1947, Henrique Galvao—then deputy of the Uniao Nacional, Salazar's Party, and today a political refugee in Brazil—said in the National Assembly, in a report that was scathingly critical of the methods of recruitment and conditions of work in the Portuguese colonies in Africa "that entire frontier regions are being depopulated, and only old people, sick people, women and children are now to be found there." And he went on: "The most accurate description of this impoverishment (of population) is given us by the catastrophic fall in the birthrate, the incredible level of infant mortality, the growing number of sick and infirm, as well as the mortality figures due to various causes, the most important being the conditions of work and the recruitment of labourers."

Such assertions are all the more convincing because they come from the mouth of one who, although now opposed to the policy

of the fascist Salazar Government, remains in favour of retaining the colonies.

The 'Natives', 98 per cent of the total population, are in fact the pariahs of Moçambique. Just as in the Union of South Africa, they are forced to carry passes. They may not change their place of residence, nor leave one village for another, without prior permission from the administrative authorities. In the towns they are subject to a permanent curfew after nine o'clock. Whatever hospitals, crèches, rest homes and retreats there are in the territory all remain the exclusive privilege of the white minority.

Education for Africans—so-called 'rudimentary' education—is almost exclusively confined to the Catholic Missions. It is on these that devolves the full responsibility for 'training' the Africans to the level of Portuguese 'citizenship.' Rudimentary education consists of teaching African children Portuguese, and the customs and way of life of the Portuguese . . . without forgetting, of course, that there is no salvation outside the Church, and that to be 'civilized' is first to be Christian, and what is more, Catholic. After passing through the rudimentary schools, some African children will learn a trade of some sort, and become carpenters, shoemakers, or even 'boys'. Or else they will simply return to their village.

The Coloureds and 'assimilados' only reach the technical secondary schools, or with much more difficulty, the grammar schools. Rare are those who succeed in pursuing their studies as far as a Portuguese University—for there is no University in Moçambique.

In the administration and the economy, the same stratification obtrudes itself. On one side are the Europeans, occupying the high and middle ranks of power and supervision; these are the masters of the country. On the other side are the 'Natives', the vast majority of the blacks, the peasants on the concessions, the workers on the plantations and the mines, the 'boys' in the homes of the Europeans. Between the two extremes, one finds the intermediate layer of the Coloureds (30,000) and the 'assimilados' (4,000–5,000), who are the skilled workers and petty officials. To this group can also be added the Indian minority (from Goa), whose social status is almost identical with that of the Coloureds, although on the whole their standard of living is higher.

Effectively, the law divides the inhabitants of the colonies of

Guinea, Angola and Moçambique into two categories: the 'citizens' of Portugal, who enjoy full rights; and the Portuguese 'Natives', who possess no rights outside their traditional African institutions—or whatever remains of them.

The first category is made up of Portuguese by birth or by descent. In the same category (but in fact with far fewer rights and all the economic and social limitations already described) are the Coloureds and 'assimilados'—blacks who have attained citizenship. The Natives, so hypocritically described as 'Portuguese', are the rest, that is, practically the whole black population. The Natives can theoretically attain the status of 'citizen' if they fulfil certain very elastic conditions, which tend to make them renounce their African characteristics. They can then join the category of 'assimilado'; but it should be noted that the status of 'assimilado' cannot be transmitted from father to son.

The 'assimilado's' position is in fact a complete violation of the personality of the African, and the certificate of assimilation is a certificate of depersonalisation. The African is expected to know how to read and write Portuguese, and to forget his own ways and customs in order to adopt those of the Portuguese. He is in fact expected to cease to be himself.

But this is not all: promotion to citizenship is a gigantic confidence trick. For even if an African can read and write Portuguese and has learnt 'white manners'—even if he fulfils all the conditions laid down by law—he does not automatically become a citizen. He must make an application to the administration, and authorities only grant citizenship when they choose.

A friend who was a doctor in a town up-country, told us a story of a male nurse who wished to become assimilated. For four successive years he put forward his request in due and proper form. The doctor himself endorsed it. And four times he was refused what under the law was his right.

The reason for the refusal is simple enough: if the nurse should become an 'assimilado', his salary would increase at once six-fold, and would be nearly equivalent to that of a white nurse . . . this in addition to the outrage of the European nurses at having a 'nigger' as colleague. For there is one Portuguese law stronger than any other, as fantastic and yet as real as the baobab tree—and that is the law of racial segregation.

Portugal has absolutely succeeded in keeping the African out of the direction of the affairs of his own country. Without in any

way wounding the conscience of world opinion—complaisant as that may be—she keeps the Africans at a proper distance from the reins of power. And even if the 'Regulos' (customary chiefs) remain in charge of their villages, they have today become mere petty officials of the Government. The traditional customs of succession have been overturned, and the Regulos know only too well that at the least opposition to the administration they will be destooled.

At present the organs of political power are the Governor General, nominated by the Minister for Overseas Provinces in Lisbon to represent the Portuguese Government; the Governing Council, presided over by the Governor General, and forming an Executive for the colony; and the Legislative Council, the national assembly, composed of 24 members, of whom 8 are appointed and 16 elected.

Of the 16 elected members, 7 are chosen by corporate organisations and economic interests (for instance the Patronnat, or Employers' Federation, and the Trade Unions, which are on the classic fascist model and involve only Europeans), while nine are elected by so-called direct universal suffrage, one per administrative district. However, only 'citizens' can elect and be elected. The African—'Portuguese' or not—is not a citizen but a Native, and can enjoy neither privilege.

Of the eight Council members nominated by the Governor General, two are Africans, chosen from among the Regulos, to represent the entire African population of six million. There are 22 European members to represent the 70,000 whites. The Regulos at present sitting are those of Manhica and Zavala, and they have one thing at least to distinguish them—they are the only Regulos who can read and write Portuguese.

Like the other 'Provinces', Moçambique elects two deputies —Europeans—to sit in the Portuguese National Assembly in Lisbon. As all laws are promulgated in Lisbon, it is there that colonial policy is actually dictated.

The present concern of Portuguese leaders is to 'protect' the Portuguese colonies from the evolution which has taken place or is taking place in the other parts of Africa. The wording of the laws affirms, and Portuguese spokesmen constantly underline, that 'the Portuguese nation extends from the Atlantic through the African and Goanese provinces, right to Macao and Timor.' And President Salazar himself never stops proclaiming that 'the Nation is one and indivisible.' For him,

the changes taking place in Africa are 'the work of communist agents.'

But, unless the wish is simply being taken for the reality, these hollow declarations can have no other purpose than to reassure international opinion. In Moçambique itself, sections of the P.I.D.E. (the Portuguese political police) have been stationed for ten years, keeping a close watch on the Africans as well as on liberal Europeans. An airborne army unit, complete with parachute detachments, has recently been installed in the country, while military reinforcements are busy in large numbers patrolling the frontiers with Nyasaland, Tanganyika and the Rhodesias.

Portugal cannot hope to convince anyone that Independence Movements in Moçambique are the work of 'agents of communist subversion.' These arguments are too well known these days, and too well worn. The French, the English and the Belgians have used them before—and Guinea, Ghana and the Congo are independent today. The Portuguese leaders know this well enough, and are doing their best to increase the number of white settlers in Moçambique as fast as they can. European settlements are being hastily created in the valleys of the Limpopo, and in the north. The aim is to build up a sufficiently numerous European population on the spot to resist African nationalist demands. The rulers don't hide the fact: 'The presence of a large number of settlers,' they say, 'is a pledge of our presence here, and an effective guarantee against subversion.'

But it is clear that nothing can prevent Moçambique from following the path trodden by Ghana and Guinea. The Portuguese may retard the movement, but they cannot stop it. The blackout imposed by the authorities over all Moçambique (even ordinary correspondence with people overseas is 'controlled') cannot prevent news from filtering through. The underground political movements continue their agitation, perhaps in no very spectacular or forceful manner, but actively all the same; and the people of Moçambique are confident in the solidarity of the Afro-Asian nations, indeed of all democratic countries, in their efforts for the final liberation of their country.

Translated from the French.

A PORTUGUESE LETTER

JOAO CABRAL

Representative in London of the Movement for the Liberation of Angola.

ON the very borders of South Africa lie two territories where race oppression is both more extreme than in the Union and less dramatic in its results. At least, whatever mass violence there has been in Angola and Moçambique has never splashed its way across the headlines of the world's press: for the Portuguese colonies constitute Africa's "zone of silence". The news that does escape is spasmodic—usually through a visiting journalist or missionary who has managed to penetrate the curtain of security—and, recently, through the few African exiles who have managed to escape abroad. Five delegates from Angola attended the All African Peoples' Conference in Tunis this year.

To disguise the tragic situation in the colonies, Portugal, like South Africa, has developed a "newspeak": since 1951 the colonies have been known as "overseas provinces"; the colour bar operates under the name of "assimilation"; and the series of massacres since 1953 have been perpetrated in the pursuit of "peace and national harmony." A few years ago, Portuguese officials were boasting that Portugal was the first country to set foot in Africa and would be the last to leave; today a new mystique has been developed—that "the essence and the soul of Portugal is to be a country spread over the four continents."

It is this very mystique which makes Portugal the most vulnerable of the colonial powers. The myth of "one nation and one country" forces Salazar to disperse his limited military and administrative resources over a widely scattered empire, from Macao in China, Timor in Indonesia and Goa in India, to Angola, Moçambique and Guinea in Africa, and the S. Tomé and Cape Verde Islands. Besides, these eight colonies are not compact land units, but rather diffused administrative entities, most of them consisting of a number of small enclaves. Goa, for instance, which is called pompously "Portuguese India", comprises Goa proper and two enclaves: Daman 350 miles, and Diu 450 miles north of Goa. While only Goa was the scene of organised national struggle, Portugal could hold her own. She concentrated 12,000 troops (their arms received from N.A.T.O.), and a large number of P.I.D.E. agents there, to terrorise half a million Goans. Portuguese terror means torture in the crudest form—nationalists have been tied to a jeep and dragged to the nearest

town, petrol poured upon them and set alight (1957).

But now the peoples of the other seven territories are intensifying their struggle for liberation. Nationalist movements, most of them still weak and unco-ordinated, are emerging in Angola, Guinea, Moçambique and the S. Tomé Islands (after the ruthless suppression of a spontaneous nationalist rebellion in 1953). The *Uniao das Populacoes de Angola*, *Movimento Popular para a Libertacao de Angola*, *Movimento Africano para a Independencia da Guiné* and *Movimento Anti-Colonial* are today organised nationalist movements, and the beginnings of co-ordination between them arose with the formation of the *Frente Revolucionaria Africana para a Independencia Nacional das Colonias Portuguesas* (F.R.A.I.N.) at the Second All African Peoples' Conference. The Salazar dictatorship is simply not in a position to resist a united effort by the overseas territories for independence. Not only is Portugal the most backward country in Europe, but the Government represents no more than a small clique within the metropolitan country itself. Resistance to Salazar is growing in Portugal, so he cannot count, as other colonial powers have been able to do, upon the backing of a comparatively united population at home. Nor can he even count upon Portuguese settlers abroad. Six Europeans, for instance, are among the 57 leaders arrested for offences against the State in Angola. There are also *assimilados* and coloureds among them. For Portuguese policy over the last ten years has tended more and more to force an identity of interest between the *assimilado* and the unprivileged. The so-called anti-racialist policy of encouraging a minute proportion of Africans to adopt the Portuguese way of life and abandon their own (a legal qualification for assimilated status), has more and more given way to a classic colonialist policy—the settlement of the African territories with the population overflow of Portugal. Poor whites are now doing work that *assimilados* did; and colour discrimination takes the more obvious apartheid forms. The *assimilados*, by reason of the downgrading in their social status if for no other, white settlers and professionals because they too are victims of a fascist rule, are making common cause with the Africans in the new liberation movements. Among the 57 Angolans are civil servants, students, teachers, accountants, engineers, clerks, printers, an architect and a well-known European doctor (Dr. Julieta Gandara). The African rank and file have of course no right to a trial—they are simply massacred or deported to the concentration camps of

Bie and Baia dos Tigres. Over 200 Africans, captured with the 57 leaders, suffered such fates.

This professional and racial variety among the rebels is an indication of the growing strength of the resistance. That resistance exists at all illustrates the intensity of nationalist feeling. For since 1953 the Government has indulged in a campaign of violent repression which would do credit to the Gestapo. Two hundred people from the Cabinda district of Angola have been arrested or reported missing; 100 more Africans have been arrested since March 1959 in other African colonies; 14 are in exile; and more than 1,000 killed in massacres in S. Tomé in February 1953, and more than 50 at Bissao, Guinea, in August 1959. Thousands of Bakongo from Northern Angola are refugees in the Belgian Congo. On July 25th, 1960, the first of three trials involving the 50 Angolan nationalists and 7 Portuguese, accused of endangering the external security of the State, began in Luanda. Dr. Palma Carlos, the Lisbon lawyer briefed to defend 8 of them, was prevented by the P.I.D.E. from leaving Portugal. These prisoners had been arrested in 1959; and in the same year, in June, 52 other Angolans were arrested, among them Dr. Agostinho Neto, doctor and poet, who was actually flogged by the Chief of Police in front of his family and neighbours; and Father Joaquim Pinto de Andrade, Chancellor to the Archbishopric of Luanda, who was deported to Portugal, no lawyer having been allowed to see him since his arrest.

Salazar has, of course, realised the limitations of his forces. For the last four years or so, he has been strengthening his alliances, particularly with South Africa, Southern Rhodesia and Spain. These are the countries with a real stake in the maintenance of the Portuguese empire. They are also the countries where the majority population has most to gain by its dissolution. Any major disturbance within the empire may well bring Salazar's fascist regime tumbling down—Franco can then hope to survive for little longer; and South Africa and Southern Rhodesia are left with their defences wide open. The withdrawal of N.A.T.O. aid to Portugal might well by itself bring about the end of one of the worst dictatorships in colonial history; and a determined effort by a united front, in Portugal and the colonies, such as is already forming itself, may have far-reaching effects indeed throughout Southern Africa and Western Europe.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA EXPLODES

ENOCH DUMBUTSHENA

Southern Rhodesian Journalist and Member of the National Democratic Party

Two weeks after telling the settlers that "no one in Southern Rhodesia need be afraid that what has happened in the Congo could possibly happen here", the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, Sir Edgar Whitehead, called all able-bodied white men to join a new army reserve and a special constabulary. These will form new security forces to maintain peace and order, or, in other words, to suppress any future African riots. Sir Roy Welensky, Federal Prime Minister, has called upon Europeans to join the three European divisions of a new army inspired by the riots in the Congo. The Federal Government will spend an additional £3 million on this army and on equipment. None of the three territories of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland spends as much as £3 million on African education. Last year Southern Rhodesia spent only £2,641,000 on African education.

It is interesting to note that Sir Roy's three white divisions were the first indication that the army is now being organized for the defence of white people against Africans in the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Two years ago Sir Roy Welensky spoke of a "Boston Tea Party" should the Federation fail to get its independence; and it can be assumed that he meant by that the possibility of some settler rebellion against Great Britain. Now the army and the police, in the name of maintaining peace and order, will be used to keep the Africans down.

Confused by the consequences of his own foolhardy policies, Sir Edgar Whitehead took the drastic step of declaring a racial war and arrested three leaders of the National Democratic Party—Mr. Michael Mawema, president-general, Mr. Sketchley Samkange, treasurer, and Mr. Leopold Takawira, chairman of the Harare Branch—in order to show that he was tougher than Mr. Harper, leader of the opposition Dominion Party, when it came to dealing with Africans. After all, the National Democratic Party had forced Sir Edgar to accept a constitutional conference. He had seen African intellectuals, business men and tribesmen rally behind the NDP banner, and his fingers must have twitched to slap down African nationalism shortly

before his intended election next May. The extent of African support for the NDP shocked him, and he immediately summoned all white people to form a laager inside of which to defend white supremacy.

The editor of the '*Evening Standard*', a Salisbury newspaper which supports Sir Edgar's Government, wrote soon after the Prime Minister's broadcast that called all settlers to rally in self-defence against the Africans:

"The picture given to the dispassionate observer is that the white man in the Rhodesias is ringed with hostile forces and is preparing to withstand the siege. It is the 'laager' complex and unfortunately the Prime Minister's broadcast aggravated it. Please do not let us lose our heads. The situation between the races is critical. The races must get together to see whether the causes of complaint and grievance can be removed. But ringing ourselves with security forces in a laager will not do that. It will only make the situation more critical."

There can be no question at all that Sir Edgar Whitehead himself sparked off the riots which led to the killing of twelve Africans in Bulawayo. He was just carrying his policy of intimidating African political organizations to its logical conclusion. First there was the sudden swoop on the offices of the N.D.P. and the houses of its leaders. Then followed the arrest of three top leaders of the party. Astonished and angered by the arrests, Africans at once demanded to see Sir Edgar Whitehead. He promised to come and address them, and then sent his police instead. A disciplined mass estimated variously between 20,000 and 100,000 people tried to march to his house. Police and soldiers stopped them. Africans spent two days without food and in the bitter cold of July nights waiting for the Prime Minister. He sent a message to say that the meeting had been banned, and his troops exploded tear-gas into the crowd, till the infuriated crowd began rioting. Children were sent home from schools in Highfields and Harare; but in support of their parents, they joined in the riots and became the most obdurate opponents of the police and soldiers.

In Bulawayo a meeting of the N.D.P. advertised for Sunday morning was banned on Saturday night, but Africans were not advised of this. Police used their batons and tear-gas freely on the gathered crowd, riots broke out and, before they were quelled, twelve Africans had been killed by security forces and European residents. While fires raged in the African townships,

the police sealed off the European areas to protect white lives and property from Africans, till the frustration and bitter despair of the rioters burnt itself out within a ring of bayonets and guns.

There are more than 500 Africans who were arrested during the racial flare-up. The figure reminds one of the 500 leaders of the African National Congress arrested and detained on February 26th, 1959. Among those arrested are Africans who have worked for the principle of partnership, knowing well that it was never the intention of the governing United Federal Party to implement it. They include Stanlake Samkange, vice-president of the Central Africa Party.

Sir Edgar Whitehead said in Parliament afterwards that the N.D.P. was guilty of "the calculated distortion of history" and that their arguments were "becoming more and more blatantly militant and anti-European."

"The theme is that Africa is only for Africans, that Europe is for Europeans, and that all Europeans should go back to Europe. This coupled with the insistence that the land belongs to the Africans, plus the parrot cry of 'one man one vote', is the core of the movement." ('*Evening Standard*', 26.7.60.)

Leaving aside the accuracy of certain of these observations, which seem to have been hatched in Sir Edgar's personal cloud-cuckoo land, or the iniquity of others, conceived by the mother of parliaments herself, it seems much more likely that the leaders of the N.D.P. were arrested to save Sir Edgar the embarrassment of sitting together at a constitutional conference with African representatives whose policies are opposed to his. He never wanted a constitutional conference; it was the N.D.P. delegation to the Commonwealth Relations Office that put forward the idea.

Sir Edgar knew full well that the N.D.P. was busy preparing for that conference, and he wanted to destroy any chance of tabling evidence and arguments to dispute his own. He knew that the whole African population was behind the N.D.P. He was astonished at the support the party was getting from African intellectuals, some of them in the process of being turned into a "shock-absorbing middle class" housed in segregated African areas. And if he did not allow himself to believe it before, he must now know that despite his attempts to suppress it—through the Unlawful Organizations Act, the Preventive (Temporary Provisions) Detention Act, the Public Order Amendment Act,

the Subversive Activities Act, the Native Affairs Amendment Act, and all the other laws directed against African politicans and organizations—hostility to the blind rule of race is growing all the time.

Sir Edgar's answer to the racial tension that he himself has helped to create is to arm all whites, to carry out a crash programme of house building and to ease unemployment. That is not what Africans want. They want nothing less than a democratic government for themselves and for their children. They are not looking for the removal of pin-pricks. They want the vote, for they know that without it neither they nor their children will enjoy either peace or advancement.

In Southern Rhodesia, as in the Belgian Congo, there are no African commissioned officers in the police and army. There is *de facto* job reservation, which hasn't even the courage to come out into the open as in the Union of South Africa. And there is a fancy franchise which, while not mentioning race, so discriminates against Africans through the high financial, property and educational qualifications demanded for the ordinary voter's roll, that there are today 70,000 voters out of a European population of 211,000 and 2,500 voters out of an African population of over 2,000,000.

Sir Edgar has now asked the British Government to remove from the Southern Rhodesia Letters Patent, 1923, powers reserved for the British Government to disallow laws discriminating against Africans. He has also proposed a second chamber consisting of settlers and "stooge" Africans elected or appointed by the Government. This was rejected by the N.D.P. delegation to London in their memorandum:

"(c) The only alternative way to effect an acceptable government is not the substitution of the proposed second chamber for the reservations in the Constitution, but the substitution of majority rule for the said reservations. Nothing less will do."

Southern Rhodesia has had self-government since 1923. Since that time its Parliament, as in the Union of South Africa, has been the exclusive preserve of the white man. With Sir Edgar and Sir Roy calling all white men to arms, Africans see no chance of sharing power; and the recent arrests ordered by the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia only re-enforce their view.

It was this state of hopelessness that prompted Mr. Joshua Nkomo, Director of International Affairs for the N.D.P., and

the Hon. Mr. R. S. Garfield Todd, former Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, to send a memorandum to the Secretary for Commonwealth Relations. This memorandum stated among other things:

"Because of our deep concern to see harmony between the races and justice and opportunity for all citizens, we ask . . .

1. That an immediate statement be made to the effect that Her Majesty's Government will intervene in the affairs of Central Africa to establish democratic governments so that the will of the people is implemented.

2. That the Constitution of Southern Rhodesia be set aside and a democratic order substituted for it."

The United Kingdom Government has a clear legal right to suspend the Constitution of the self-governing Colony of Southern Rhodesia. The British Government did this in British Guiana in October 1953, because Ministers there were accused of threatening and plotting violence. Now, while the Government of Southern Rhodesia is arming whites against Africans who demand and organize for effective political power, can the British Government refuse to intervene and yet disclaim all responsibility for what may result?

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THE ONLY TURNING

The Hon. R. S. GARFIELD TODD
Former Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia; former President of the Central African Party.

SOUTHERN Rhodesia became a self-governing colony in 1923; but Britain, even 37 years ago, was sufficiently aware of the dangers of government by a minority not to surrender the whole responsibility to the local Europeans. It was true that there was nothing in the law to prevent Africans from registering as voters, if they possessed certain qualifications of education and income; but only three years ago there were fewer than 500 Africans on the voters' roll. The main reason for this, of course, was that few Africans possessed the required qualifications, but it is also true to say that few Africans showed much initiative or demonstrated a desire to share in government.

Twenty years ago the African people, as a whole, showed little interest in education and there seemed to be a very limited desire to share widely in Western civilization. The Land Apportionment Act was designed to ensure that the indigenous people were provided with land on which to live according to tribal custom. There was plenty of land, and Africans who came to work for Europeans did so because they wanted extra money to supplement the income from their cattle and crops in the Native Reserves.

A few years ago, therefore, it was true to say that almost all blacks in Southern Rhodesia were primitive and uneducated and without the will to challenge the white man's government. Soon after the war, however, the Asian and African peoples were manifestly on the march. There were many reasons for this change. Britain and France had gone to war in the cause of liberty, and their propaganda had resolutely denied the claims of the "master race". The whole theory of inherent racial superiority was scorned, and great sacrifices were demanded of free men that they might not lose their freedom. Africans and Asians were encouraged to assist the Colonial Powers in their struggle for freedom: but for whose freedom, many of them asked, was it a struggle?

There is no doubt that the propaganda and the war itself made an enormous impact upon Africans. Miners and farmers, as well as teachers, missionaries, officials and, of course, the newspapers kept Africans informed on the progress of the war—of the bad

Germans who would enslave men and of the good British who would free them.

During the past 20 years the educational system has been widely expanded; and today almost half a million children are in school. Where 20 years ago it was difficult to find Africans who could speak English or read newspapers, today all that is changed; and world influences through radio, newspapers and magazines sweep across the country.

But a third factor, equally significant, has been the growing shortage of land. At the turn of the century there were hardly half a million people in Southern Rhodesia; today there are more than two and a half million Africans alone, and the total of the land available to them is not only less than half the country but less also than the area of land available for settlement to a white population of some 200,000 people. It has been the unhappy task of Native Commissioners to implement measures aimed at conserving this land; and in attempting to do this, it has been necessary to cut down individual land holdings, reduce by decree the number of cattle any one man may own, and sometimes even to dispossess men of land which they hold. Much bitterness has emanated from this situation, and today an ominous atmosphere broods over even remote areas of the country. It may well be true that most of the rural Africans are not interested in the machinery of the vote and do not clearly understand the workings of a democratic system. On the other hand, it is unwise to discount the dangers in a strong and widespread feeling of deep injustice based on such vital issues as land and cattle.

There is a fourth factor which must also be admitted: the influence upon Southern Rhodesia of events in other parts of Africa and of the world attitude to racial discrimination. We know how rapidly countries throughout the continent have moved towards self-government; and we must recognize that the Colonial Powers have had no option but to act quickly and hope that the devolving of responsibility would force the peoples involved to learn from experience the realities of government. At the same time, the Communist threat has forced Western countries to give all possible help in order to ensure that the new nations stay with the democracies; and this undoubtedly encourages Africans to believe that their way to self-government will not be too difficult.

Africans in Southern Rhodesia, pressed by land shortages, unable to acquire freehold in the towns, excited by the new

thoughts which experience and education have brought, and confronted with the accomplishments of black men throughout the rest of Africa, have decided that there must be at last real changes in their condition. They are strengthened in their determination by world-wide criticism of the Union of South Africa, for they recognize that much of the criticism which is levied could be turned, with equal justification, upon Southern Rhodesia.

The whites in Southern Rhodesia thus face now an entirely new situation, different in almost every way from the conditions of 1950 and changed in vital respects from what it was even in 1958. The changes have taken place with an embarrassing and threatening speed, but there has been no way to slow them down; we have been called upon to co-operate with the inevitable. And we have refused to do so.

We whites must now recognize that tens of thousands of Africans in Southern Rhodesia have decided that racial discrimination, in every form, has got to go and that it will be expelled by force if it is not rejected by reason. We should recognize, too, that our unreadiness to face realities has already built up a strong reaction against us and that our position, long since morally untenable, will soon be politically and economically so as well.

From time to time whites in Southern Rhodesia have been exhorted to share political power on a much broader franchise, and they have been warned that the colour-bar, in all its manifestations, has got to go. Some changes have been made: but an African Minister here and desegregated Post Offices there are crumbs which do not satisfy a people determined to advance as their brothers are advancing all through the continent; they do not quiet, they merely provoke to anger. We should note also that the recent agreement upon a new Constitution for Nyasaland has thrown into high relief the utter unreality of the electoral position in Southern Rhodesia.

In Southern Rhodesia, Africans have enjoyed much better educational facilities than have been available in Nyasaland, and economic opportunity has provided jobs in "white" areas for 600,000 African workers. If large numbers of Africans are now to be enfranchised in Nyasaland and no similar action is taken within the Federal area and Southern Rhodesia itself, then a further measure of discontent will add to an already explosive situation.

I have worked for 14 years within the present political framework. From 1953 to 1958, as Prime Minister, I experienced the

pressures of an almost exclusively white electorate; and, although I recognized that we had only a limited time in which to make basic changes, I failed to make them. There is no doubt that we whites are now prisoners of our own political system—a system which advances inexorably, like a Greek tragedy, to its calamitous conclusion.

I worked within the political system for two years after I had recognized its failure, even though I had recognized, since early in 1957, that the attitude of a majority of the whites would probably wreck any possibility of establishing a non-racial regime.

When the Government of Southern Rhodesia declared a State of Emergency early in 1959, the red light flashed and immediate action should have been taken to extend the franchise, to eliminate all racial discrimination and to tackle the land problem. What happened instead was that the courts were closed, political prisoners were detained, the police force was strengthened and Sir Edgar Whitehead, the Prime Minister, set out to assure the country that all was well in Southern Rhodesia—that the ordinary human emotions, the desire for liberty, were not present in the African people of our country. Despite the assurances of the Prime Minister, however, African discontent steadily increased and inter-race contacts withered as the whole climate of race relations deteriorated.

The crisis came with the arrest of three National Democratic Party leaders. Once blood was shed, there was no use in deluding one's self any further; strong and decisive action alone could help. The Prime Minister probably believes that he took the strong and decisive action needed; but the quelling of riots has only a limited significance. No doubt the Government will be able to quell riots for the next year or two; as we Europeans become increasingly afraid, our methods will become more efficient and more brutal. But what will this solve? And for how long can we hope to maintain ourselves this way?

Must we go along this road of cruelty and disaster? It seems that we must, for the whites will not change and the British Government appears determined to shelter behind a Constitution which is now outdated, which no longer serves the country's need.

Africans will continue their pressure and, as the months pass, will less and less consider the feelings or the future of the whites. In the last resort Britain must intervene, and the point at which she will take appropriate action will depend upon a definition of

"last resort". What will be the terms of this definition in human suffering, in economic chaos, in racial bitterness? I believe that British intervention now could change the whole course of events in Central Africa.

There are precedents in British history for intervention, and such action would be welcomed by almost every country in the Commonwealth. If, on the other hand, British concern for the pride and baseless fears of a quarter of a million whites leads to a decision to let well alone, then succeeding crises can only damage the prestige of Her Majesty's Government.

Some alternative to the setting aside of the Constitution might be suggested, but any effective action must lead immediately to a wide sharing of political power with the African people. This is not only unacceptable to the majority of Europeans, but is becoming ever less acceptable with passing weeks.

If action were taken now to ensure elections that would establish a Government supported by a majority of the people, then I believe that no more than a couple of years would convince Europeans of how groundless their current fear is of non-racial rule.

When so much is at stake, dare Britain stand aside? Can she stand aside when 92 per cent of our people depend upon her intervention for their only hope of peaceful change?

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THE DOCTOR'S DISCARDS

DENIS GRUNDY

"DEAD, dead, they are all of them dead! The Monckton Commission, the Federal Review, Federation with Southern Rhodesia, they are all dead and buried. We will have nothing to do with them."

This summary epitaph was pronounced by Mr. Orton Chirwa, founder of the Malawi Congress Party, at Dr. Banda's final press conference the day after the end of the Nyasaland Constitutional Conference. That end came, be it noted, on August 4th. The press conference was held at 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington on the premises of the "Union of Democratic Control". Beneath their name-plate on the door was another announcing joint occupation by the " Euthanasia Society".

Despite such auguries the mood of the platform was highly euphoric. This is scarcely defensible in logic, since Dr. Banda, the only political leader involved to come out publicly in advance, firmly and repeatedly, with a list of detailed and decisive demands, appears to have lost out on most of them. If he has certainly secured control of the new Legislative Council for Malawi, he has not done so by the overwhelming margin he had stipulated. The variable composition of the Executive Council does not look like providing him with a majority there. Worse than that, it is not to be of cabinet status responsible to Legco as to a democratic parliament. Its function will be purely "advisory" to the Governor. Moreover, if he runs into difficulties, the Governor can "pack" both bodies "in the interests of good government". In short, there is an hiatus between the two Councils, and a gulf set between both of them and the Governor. Real effective and executive power remains where it was, with the Governor.

As for the suffrage, here is yet another "fancy franchise" considerably inferior to the grail of "one man—one vote". Still, it is plain, practical and commonsensical compared with the incomprehensibly fashioned articles worn by some of the neighbours. Nor is there any ostensible communal element about it, as is the case with Kenya, though the Colonial Secretary admitted that the minor "A" roll would for the moment be likely to elect only Europeans to its eight seats. The wide qualifications for the "B" roll (20 seats) largely by-pass the usual barriers of education and income, and will probably recruit 100,000 Africans, the vast

majority adhering to Malawi. Perhaps this was the most satisfactory feature of the eleventh-hour, eleventh-day compromise so suddenly and dramatically accepted by Kamuzu.

The atmosphere of the last United Federal Party press conference, held earlier at Carlton House Terrace, was definitely *piano*. All along this old-style, conservative-colonial delegation of three Europeans and one Nyasa had shown signs of strain, and even distaste, in seeking to come to terms with the new African age. Between them, and behind masks of reservation, the Europeans—M.L.C.s, civic dignitaries and company directors—rather grudgingly explained their party's acceptance of the joint undertaking by all delegates, to work the new constitution for a reasonable period, which had come out of the blue only the afternoon before. Banda's intransigence and intimidation, they said, had nearly wrecked the conference. They had failed to get any firm definition of "reasonable period", and were afraid that Malawi thought of it in terms of six months. There were dangers that a situation would develop like the present one in Kenya. The U.F.P. did not want another conference for at least five years, when a further instalment of self-government might be expected. Independence—perhaps in 1970. The Colonial Secretary, of course, had the last word in such matters, but they certainly regarded the Colonial Office as a necessary evil to be got rid of as soon as was convenient. Africans were very slow and backward and had everything to learn about practical politics and administration. The Belgian Congo was a terrible object lesson. But they were quite prepared to train them over a proper period of probation.

Mr. Dixon said he was pretty confident that Sir Roy Welensky would be happy about the terms of agreement, and Mr. Blackwood, when taxed, hastened to add that it was "purely a Territorial matter". Mr. Little said that Malawi did not believe in the Federation, which had come to stay. The Nyasa, Mr. Matthews Phiri, who at a previous meeting had produced Chief Chikumbu to testify that all the chiefs of the official delegation, except himself, had been silenced by intimidation, now announced that the chiefs were content with the settlement. When asked if they were still intimidated, he replied that they were.

In between this sedative and the heady stimulant provided by Malawi, Mr. T. D. T. Banda (no connection, of course) of the minor Congress Liberation Party held his closing session. He was assisted by two aides, neither of whom was the well-known

figure of Mr. Wellington Chirwa, still presumably in the party. Mr. Banda called himself an African nationalist as distinct from a Pan-African. He said, with complete truth, that the conference's conclusions represented his party's official programme very closely. He spoke of continuous personal intimidation and denounced the flagrant bribery and terrorism employed by both Malawi and U.F.P. to recruit party members. He expected to secure a satisfactory number of seats in the new Legco. He ended by stating that Dr. Banda had "accepted defeat", would fail to control his extremists, and would fall.

Back to Kensington. The Doctor was buoyant, confident, emotional. He had his own rather individual interpretation of the outcome of the Conference. Intending originally to boycott it, he had attended in a spirit of give and take. Naturally, the result was a compromise. His followers in Nyasaland would be satisfied. They were, in fact; there were telegrams to prove it. After all, the control of the legislature would be with Malawi. "People will take anything from me. They trust me. I will never let them down."

The U.F.P. were a bunch of eighteenth-century squires trying to ignore the wind of change. They had banked on his walking out of the Conference. There were only three hundred Europeans in Nyasaland who could be called true inhabitants. The delegation of chiefs had been brought over by the U.F.P. to oppose him. Three of them, and the two African members of Legco, were "government stooges". He had been accused of wholesale intimidation. It would require genius to collect a million members, including eleven thousand Asians, by threats.

He had felt absolutely confident about Mr. MacLeod ever since the Colonial Secretary had released him from prison against the wishes of Welensky and the Governor. Welensky (the word came out like spittle) had plotted to keep him inside until after the Federal Review. The Colonial Secretary had been misreported as saying that it would take the working-party nine months to prepare the new voters' roll. It should be ready for an election in December. He would be in power before the Federal Review, and there would be no Federation. Never, never would he take the government whip in favour of Federation with Southern Rhodesia. That was dead. Federation with African States in East and Central Africa was another matter. The whole delegation was off almost immediately to Dar-es-Salaam as guests of Julius Nyerere.

Finally, he recognized no set time-limit for the trial period of the new constitution. "To us, it is just a beginning. The majority must rule."

Amongst the many absurdities of this conference, surely the greatest has been the conspiracy of silence surrounding the master problem of the Federation's future. When Orton Chirwa condemned the findings of the Monckton Commission to death before they are born, he was doing no more than repeat the sentence of the main Rhodesian nationalist parties when they boycotted the commission's proceedings while it was in Africa. This, it should be noted, did not deter Lord Monckton from proclaiming in Salisbury that he had received a good cross-section of opinion.

If, as informed opinion anticipates, Lord Monckton eventually presents recommendations that will not please the extremists of either wing and colour, he may be in danger of losing his reputation as the greatest "fixer" of the day. For in Central Africa it is the extremists who are now very much in the ascendancy. The formal retention of some sort of federal structure with merely vestigial powers, capable perhaps of underwriting the British Government's guarantee of the huge Kariba indebtedness, will infuriate Welensky, who is pressing for stronger central government, and scarcely likely to mollify the Dominionites or the Africans. If, on the other hand, and this seems the only alternative short of Federal dissolution, there is a re-allocation of functions and responsibilities—the devolution, for instance, of the management of Health, European Education and Agriculture upon the separate Territories—this will have to be compensated by a strengthening of the central hand over the armed forces and police. And this would inevitably lead to open rebellion.

Although Dr. Banda seems to regard him publicly as a species of Billy Graham, everybody knows that Mr. MacLeod is a long-headed bridge-player. With the Monckton dummy-hand unexposed—at least to his opponents—he has won a game cleverly, taking some fine finesses, "roughing" rather toughly, and forcing some valuable discards—particularly in clubs and spades. But he has not won the rubber; and, in the next game, the Doctor may pick up some of the honours he threw away and rather change the score.

THE CONGO (III): AFTER INDEPENDENCE

COLIN LEGUM

Correspondent on African Affairs for the London 'Observer'.

ALMOST all that could have gone wrong in the Congo went wrong. The country was spared only the worst—*Abako* did not exploit the Katanga's secession movement to force its own demands for a federal constitution.

If the Lower Congo had laid siege to the Republic at the moment when Katanga raised its independence flag, it is difficult to see how the situation might have been retrieved.

The Congolese still have something to be grateful for in a situation that otherwise has given little cause for satisfaction and that has undoubtedly made things much more difficult for the nationalist movements in Central Africa and the Union.

It would be useless to pretend that it is yet possible to attempt a confident analysis of the events leading up to the final disaster. This contribution is a preliminary attempt at dealing with the questions that must one day be properly answered if we are to understand what really went wrong on the morrow of the Congo's independence. To resume from where this account left off in the last issue of '*Africa South*', here briefly are the main problems that faced the Congo on the eve of its independence.

First, the new Republic was still without an agreed constitution; this was to be the first task of the new parliament.

Secondly, the elections were supposed to indicate the respective strength of the unitarians (favouring a strong, centralised type of government) and the federalists.

Thirdly, there was little prospect of a national movement's coming to power with sufficient authority to control the whole of the country.

Fourthly, the security and administration of the country rested entirely on the Belgians.

Fifthly, there was a considerable danger that the way in which the Belgians were interfering in the elections might estrange them from the Congo's new leaders.

What was not foreseen in my last article ('*Africa South*', *Vol.* 4, *No.* 4) was the danger of a revolt in the Force Publique, and that it would be M. Tshombe rather than M. Kasavubu who would threaten the integrity of the Republic.

The election results produced no major surprises, except possibly for the Belgians. They were hoping for Lumumba's defeat; instead he emerged (with 36 seats in a parliament of 137) as the leader of the strongest single party. Although his position was not a commanding one, the MNC succeeded in winning seats in all of the six provinces, quite independently of its allies. It also was the only party to win outright control of a province (Eastern).

The political leaders and parties in whom the Belgians had put their faith—M. Jean Bolikango's PUNA, M. Boya's PNP, and the Parties of Local and Traditional Interests—did very badly; much worse than had been expected. Of the parties sympathetic to the Belgians only two registered conspicuous successes. M. Tshombe's Conakat Party won 25 of the 60 seats in Katanga's Provincial Assembly; with his allies, he had an overall majority. And M. Kalonji's breakaway MNC won 21 of the 70 seats in the Provincial Assembly of Kasai, most of them from the Baluba area.

With acknowledgements to the 'News Chronicle'.

The only other significant result in the provincial elections was in Leopoldville. The PSA (led by Mm. Gizenga and Kamitatu) won 35 of the 90 seats; the *Abako* won 33; M. Lumumba's MNC Cartel won only three. The distribution of these seats is important. *Abako* won 7 of the 10 seats in Leopoldville itself, a remarkable performance since the Bakongo constitute a minority of the total population; they also won all 14 seats in the Lower Congo. The PSA, on the other hand, won 32 of the 34 seats in Kwilu, and only three of the 13 seats in Kwango.

Thus total control in the Leopoldville Province rests with two well-organized tribal-based parties (*Abako* and PSA), leaving M. Lumumba with virtually no strength in this important region, except through such alliances as he may be able to make.

There are two final points about the elections for the National Assembly. Although they failed to produce a substantial majority for any single party, they reduced the plethora of contesting parties to less than a dozen with any claim to substantial support. Also they showed that a majority of voters favoured the parties with unitarian ideas. Nevertheless, federalist strength in four of the provinces (Katanga, Leopoldville, Kasai and Kivu) was substantial; it could not easily be ignored when the time came finally to decide upon a constitution.

By the time the election results had been announced, there was much bad blood between M. Lumumba's supporters and the Belgians over the alleged efforts of the dying Administration to favour the MNC's opponents. Even his triumph did not altogether soften M. Lumumba; hence his calculated rudeness to the King of the Belgians at the formal ceremony of independence on June 30th. Later he repented sufficiently to explain he had intended no discourtesy; but still he did not apologise.

The Belgians, despite belated efforts to befriend M. Kasavubu (whom for months they had been denouncing alternatively as a communist agent and a tool of M. Soustelle's French neo-fascists!), were out of favour with *Abako* too. And their friends had gone down heavily in the elections.

The Governor-General, called upon to perform his last important job in finding the leader of the first independent Government, was restricted to a choice between M. Lumumba and M. Kasavubu. He really had no option but to send for M. Lumumba first.

The week of hard bargaining that accompanied the election of the first Government contributed greatly to the subsequent events. M. Lumumba cannot escape his share of responsibility.

At first he claimed the right to form a Government of his own on the grounds that he led the largest party, ignoring the fact that his support nevertheless constituted a substantial minority. His roughshod methods further exacerbated relations between himself and other Congolese leaders. Statesmanship would have shown that at that moment only a National Government could guarantee the Congo's peaceful transition to independence. But with the instincts of the 'strong man' (albeit in a weak position), M. Lumumba chose to play the role of politician rather than statesman. The result was a political free-for-all at a time of crucial importance. This period of bargaining in Leopoldville promoted sharp rivalries among the parties in the provinces, piling up more trouble for the future.

It is difficult to understand how M. Lumumba thought his tough attitude towards his colleagues could succeed. In the event, they did not; he was compelled to withdraw into seeking alliances. This was the moment for his opponents to behave with equal toughness and with an equal lack of tolerance.

M. Kasavubu at first played his famous role of Cincinattus. No amount of bait would induce him to leave his tent; he was willing to wait his moment until the increasingly exasperated M. Lumumba should throw in his hand. It is worth recalling that at this stage the federalist-minded politician most anxious to do business with M. Lumumba was M. Tshombe. For a time it seemed as though together they could command a majority.

But just at the moment when M. Lumumba felt he was on the point of success, the Belgian Governor-General did a remarkable thing. He suddenly discharged M. Lumumba from the task of trying to form a Government and sent for M. Kasavubu.

This was the final blow to M. Lumumba's strained confidence in the Belgians. From that moment his ambivalence turned to enmity; his suspicions of Belgian policy hardened into certainty that they could not be trusted. Now there was no going back. With M. Kasavubu's subsequent failure to form a Government and his decision to accept M. Lumumba's belated offer to make him President, chances of effective Belgian co-operation with the new Congolese Government were almost gone. What finally clinched matters was the revolt of the Force Publique. But before

dealing with this *deus ex machina*, it is necessary to bring the elusive M. Tshombe back into focus.

Abandoned by Kasavubu, Tshombe was isolated; all he could count on was Kalonji's breakaway MNC. He was still tempted to take the olive branch held out by the somewhat chastened Lumumba, now as anxious to secure a National Government as earlier he had spurned it. Moreoever, Kasavubu urged Tshombe to join the Government as the best method of inducing Lumumba to accede to their federal demands.

But M. Tshombe chose this moment to play for high stakes. He demanded a number of Ministers far in excess of his party's strength; much higher, in fact, than M. Lumumba could possibly concede without upsetting the rest of his coalition.

Up to this point M. Tshombe was negotiating purely on numbers in the Cabinet; there was no question of principle, federal or otherwise. Why did he insist on putting his demands so impossibly high that they could not be granted?

The ace up his sleeve was the secession of Katanga. What was in his mind when on July 11th he first proclaimed his intention of breaking away? Was he only intending to force Lumumba's hand to yield to his extravagant demands? Was he trying to compel him to negotiate for a federal constitution? Or was he already committed to riding Katanga out of the Congo as an independent State? To these questions one can return no confident answers. But there are fairly solid grounds for speculation.

Two separate points need to be cleared up—M. Tshombe's relationship to the Belgians, and the Belgian attitude to Katanga's independence.

It is convenient to regard Tshombe as a stooge of the Belgians; for all practical purposes he might just as well have been their agent. But the needs of accuracy demand a more satisfactory explanation of his actions. He is fundamentally an opportunist; this is clearly shown by the record of his negotiations with Lumumba. But his opportunism is based on definite ideas. As a tribal nationalist, he all along sought to secure the interests of the people of Katanga against 'outsiders'; hence his belief in Confederation. As a traditionalist and a business-man (admittedly not a very successful one) he wished to see close ties with Belgium. Many of the Belgian *colons* in Katanga shared these aspirations which suited their book as well as Tshombe's. It was this identity of interests that brought Tshombe and the

colons so close together. But was Tshombe their stooge? There is a strong case for suggesting that the Belgians were more used by Tshombe than he by them. It was the tail wagging the piebald dog.

But we must be quite clear about which Belgians we are talking about in the Katanga context. Before the Round Table Conference in Brussels in January 1960, an influential group of *colons* in Katanga, including a number of leading business people, had considered creating a secession movement in Katanga. To achieve this purpose they knew they would need African allies, and Tshombe was their choice. But there was one fundamental difference between them and M. Tshombe; the *colons* thought it might be useful to secure a strong alliance and they naturally alighted on the Central African Federation. But Tshombe was never a party to this proposition; on the contrary, he strongly repudiated it. When Sir Roy Welensky advertently leaked the news of his having been sounded out on the idea, the Belgian Government reacted angrily. Not only did they denounce Welensky, they also protested to the British Foreign Office.

The Big Business interests in Katanga (*Union Minière* and others) were divided. The majority were against the secession move when it was originated. Their own long-term profit lay in maintaining the integrity of the Congo. They threw their weight behind unity at the time of the Brussels Conference in January 1960 when the Belgian Government insisted, as one of the conditions for independence, that the country's unity had to be maintained. There is no reason to believe that the Belgians had some Machiavellian plot to surrender control over the Congo only to make away with Katanga. Up to the time of the final breakdown of law and order in the Congo, the Belgian Government resolutely denounced the Belgian groups who continued to work for Katanga's secession. It is on record that one of the last acts of the Belgian Governor-General was to crack down on the plans of the *colons* to dismember the Congo.

It was only after the failure of his negotiations with M. Lumumba that M. Tshombe began to associate himself actively with the secession plan; but he still firmly ruled out any design for linking Katanga's fortunes to those of the Central African Federation.

Throughout this sorry story M. Tshombe kept the initiative in his own hands. He was not above trying his hand at political blackmail when he tried to compel Belgium to recognize the

independence of Katanga. To its credit and good sense Belgium, however sorely tempted, did not fall into his trap, although it fell headlong into most others. Nevertheless, by lending themselves to M. Tshombe's manoeuvres, the Belgians succeeded in finally destroying what was left of their goodwill and influence in the rest of the Congo. Once having mounted M. Tshombe's tiger, they could not climb down.

The Katanga story is not a tidy one in which one can discover a deep-seated, cunning plot and a simple-minded stooge chosen to lend it verisimilitude. It is a muddled story. If M. Tshombe was the villain, he played his role as an independent-minded African with purposes of his own. The tragedy of his rôle lies in the fact that, unlike Kasavubu, he was willing to rely on doubtful colonialist elements to achieve his ends.

It must not, however, be supposed that M. Tshombe was without a large measure of African support in Katanga. Had he pursued his not unrespectable aims of achieving a federation by using different methods, he might have done much more for his own cause and for that of Africa as a whole.

The revolt of the Force Publique was the final act of folly. We are asked to believe two totally different versions of its origins. On the Belgian side, there are those who fix responsibility on M. Lumumba; on M. Lumumba's side, the blame is fixed on the Belgians.

Why should M. Lumumba have wished the Force Publique to revolt, within a day or two of his decision to enforce their discipline under Belgian officers, and immediately after his rough dismissal of a delegation from the Force who came to ask for more pay and for their own officers? Had he suddenly become afraid of a plot whereby the Force was to be used to kill him and to re-establish Belgian control?

The evidence for this charge is extremely thin. On the first day of the revolt in Leopoldville, the rebels were denouncing M. Lumumba; they were certainly not praising him. At the same time, they were demanding the dismissal of their Belgian officers. When M. Lumumba and M. Kasavubu undertook their mission of pacification, the rebels did not at once rally to their side. They remained fractious and undisciplined.

The charges against the Belgians are equally insubstantial. The Force was the last ' effective ' instrument in their hands. Why surrender it? If they had planned the revolt, how account for the fact that it was immediately turned against

themselves? The suggestion is that having tried to instigate the Force against Lumumba, the Congolese soldiers rounded on the Belgians, accusing them of wanting to destroy Lumumba's Government; but they did not then rally to its defence, even though M. Lumumba at once conceded this earlier demand for Congolese officers.

The difficulty one finds in trying to piece together the evidence is that the revolt occurred at widely different places almost simultaneously. Nor did it follow the same pattern. The only consistency was the way in which the men turned against their Belgian officers.

Does this not offer us a clue to the real state of mind of the Force? There was no loyalty at all between the men and their officers. And this is a remarkable fact. In every other comparable situation, the colonial armies remained loyal to their military leaders, even when they were put into action against the independence movements. The Force showed no reluctance to follow its officers in brutally repressing *Abako* after the Leopoldville riots in 1959. The triumph of military discipline is that it usually succeeds in instilling unquestioned loyalty to the commanders. The Congo proved an exception. The reason for this must be sought in the personal relationships between the officers and their men.

Indiscipline in the Force Publique was no new thing. The soldiers had revolted against their officers in 1946. Their ruthlessness, often complained of by the Congolese though little regarded by the Belgians in the past, has been notorious.

Another clue to the Force's morale is provided by the brutal indiscipline after their revolt. Their insensate attacks on Belgians of all ages were calculated to humiliate and degrade. They displayed a bitter desire for vengeance. Nobody was spared; neither the officers, nor their wives and children, neither nuns nor priests. The only exaggeration of the events appears to have been in the number of the victims. Of the 70,000–80,000 Belgians still in the Congo, the number of victims totalled only a few hundreds. It is also worth noting that the mobs did not restrict themselves to attacking whites; they plundered and assaulted Africans as well.

The dangers in just such a blind desire for vengeance against whites were foreseen in the report of the Belgian parliamentary commission to which my last article in '*Africa South*' drew attention. That it should have been unleashed by the Belgians'

own security forces is bitterly ironic. The lesson of this for other parts of Africa is dismally plain.

Because of the speed with which independence was ushered in, there was no time to plan in advance the reforms necessary to ensure loyalty and discipline in the new State. The Congolese leaders had neither the time nor the authority to suggest what measures might be taken to prevent a breakdown in law and order. They were compelled to rely on the machinery provided by the Belgians; that the machinery was maintained in the same condition as under the colonial regime can only be regarded as providing a dangerously shortsighted reliance.

For the Force Publique nothing had changed on June 30th. Their rank was what it had always been: the pay, a meagrely £2 10s. 0d. Their most senior officer was still only a Sergeant-Major. Here was fertile ground for anybody who wished to make mischief. In all probability it will be found, when all the evidence has been sifted, that the revolt grew out of the discontent of the African non-commissioned officers and their men. Whatever other reasons or excuses might be given, the fact remains that the conditions for indiscipline were rank; and the men who were trained to disciplined ruthlessness were twice as ruthless once their discipline broke.

It is easy at a safe distance to criticise the Belgians for panicking after the experiences of the revolt. Undoubtedly their mass evacuation directly contributed to the crumbling of law and order, thus turning confusion into chaos and thereby further endangering security. I for one doubt that I would have behaved much differently from the ordinary Belgian in Thysville or Stanleyville once security had gone, which would make it hypocritical of me to judge their actions.

The rapid disintegration of security undoubtedly caught the Belgian Government off-guard. In their most pessimistic moments, they had not imagined that all they had so patiently created could have crumbled away so swiftly. Whatever the rights and the wrongs, they were faced with the fact that tens of thousands of Belgians were in danger. It would have been surprising if any Government had remained passive in such a situation. Little did they foresee what the ultimate results would be once they decided to commit Belgian troops to the Congo.

What must have looked to Brussels as a purely prophylactic action appeared to the Congolese as military aggression. The

fault lies in the loss of confidence and in the festering suspicion which had come to mark relations between the Congolese leaders and the Belgians.

The secession movement in Katanga, contrived by M. Tshombe and connived at by the more truculent of the *colons*, was the culminating folly in a situation over which the Belgians had lost control.

M. Lumumba, never the most patient or trusting of men, was faced with a crisis which would have tried the most experienced and shrewdest of statesmen. His physical presence was demanded at the same time in a dozen different places over an area as large as Western Europe. His movements were conditioned by the willingness of the Belgians to fly him from one part of the country to the other. On all sides he faced obstruction, insults and indiscipline.

His first task was to reason with, and to conciliate the Force Publique; at the same time he had to deal with a revolt in his precariously based coalition Government and to quell an insurrection in Katanga. He could see his insecurely based authority slipping through his fingers and the strength of the Republic draining away at its birth.

If he behaved erratically at times, is it to be wondered at? Whatever criticisms might be levelled against him (and he cannot be exculpated for his failure to appreciate the force of the federalists' arguments and their capacity to assert themselves), it remains incontestable that he was the only Congo leader capable at that moment of arresting the drift to disaster. The loyalty shown to him in those difficult weeks by his rival for power, M. Kasavubu, is a tribute to both men.

Given M. Lumumba's complete loss of confidence in the Belgians and reciprocal loss of confidence by the Belgians in M. Lumumba, the situation called for outside intervention. Who was to supply it?

In his weary exasperation, M. Lumumba called on the Russians; there at least was a force that would have none of the Westerners' reluctance to expel the Belgians which had become the top priority fixed in M. Lumumba's mind. But if he was driven to desperation, M. Lumumba's anxious African friends could see things more clearly. The African bloc of independent States knew precisely what was required; their Secretariat at the United Nations was ready to offer a solution; through the mediation of Dr. Nkrumah's emissaries in the Congo quick

agreement was won so that M. Hammarskjöld, responding to the appeal to summon the Security Council, had in his pocket a recipe to ensure that the Congo would not be engulfed by the Cold War. Neither Russia nor America and Britain could refuse to withold their assent to the unanimous proposals entrusted to M. Hammarskjöld by the African States. It gave him complete mastery in the diplomatic negotiations that preceded the first Security Council meeting, and again when he had to summon it a second time.

Here for the first time Pan-Africanism operated as a major force in the international field. Its undivided strength compelled an unaccustomed unity in the Security Council. East and West had perforce to accept the prescriptions of Africa.

At this moment, the Congo story is still a long way from its end; what chapters still lie ahead cannot even be guessed at. But if there is any comfort to be gained from an otherwise comfortless chapter, it derives largely from the role of the United Nations, and particularly from the manner in which it was galvanized into purposeful action by the African States.

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The Lost Dream by Peter de Francia

RETURN TO THE CONGO

FRANK BARBER

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ON July 1st the Congo was still substantially a Belgian territory. The army was officered by Belgians. Belgians occupied all key positions in the administration. The huge industrial and commercial monopolies were directed and staffed by Belgians. The Congolese relied on Belgium for their lawyers, doctors and specialists in a score of fields. The proclamation of independence on June 30th had done little more than give the Congo a Head of State and a Prime Minister whose names were scarcely known outside the big towns.

A week later the Belgians were in headlong flight. The masters, law-givers and teachers were vilified and humbled. Their collapse was swift and total. Nothing remained but street names in Flemish and French.

Faced with such a staggering debâcle, we might be excused for seeking an explanation at once simple and all-embracing. Did the Belgians themselves plan it in order to prove to the Congolese they were unfit to manage their own affairs? Was it the Communists, intent on penetrating black Africa? Could it have been Patrice Lumumba, seeking to revenge himself on the Belgians, who stage-managed the mutiny of the Force Publique?

It is only necessary to set down such propositions in order to recognise their inadequacy. There is no simple explanation for what happened in the Congo. My purpose is to describe what happened as I saw it, and from the telling it will perhaps become clear why it happened thus and not otherwise.

I returned to the Congo towards the end of May, after an absence of three years. The Belgians had changed. Three years ago they had been confident, even smug, about their Congo; there was no political freedom for the African, no thought of teaching him to be a doctor, lawyer or administrator; for as far ahead as one could see, he would be a sub-citizen in the Belgians' Shangri-La. Now, however, he was about to become the master, and the Belgians were frightened and behaving contemptibly. The Belgian immigration officer at Elisabethville airport kept us waiting while he got rid of his Congo francs and bought Rhodesian pounds. "It's my money and I'll do as I like with it," he answered when I suggested that his conduct scarcely befitted a government officer.

It was the same in Leopoldville later: civil servants and private citizens alike could hardly wait to be introduced before begging you for dollars and sterling with which to evade the currency regulations.

There were other little things too. The hostess at a small dinner party, apologising because we were having to share spoons, explained: "I've sent the silver back to Belgium." As often as not, the wives and children went back with the silver, while the men remained, equipping themselves with guns.

They did not trust the Congolese, and they said so. Those people, they said, would take their money, their jobs and their homes.

Whether or not they had good reason to mistrust the Congolese, it is certain that by their actions the Belgians helped to create the very situation they professed to fear. The Congolese servant who saw the silver being packed for Belgium, the airport clerk who watched the daily departure of European wives and children, and the politician who heard of the white men's purchase of arms could hardly be blamed for jumping to the conclusion that somebody was preparing for a fight; and there must have been many a Congolese who speculated on the advantages of striking the first blow.

It was at this point, when the Belgians and the Congolese were eyeing each other with mutual mistrust and fear, that Mr. Walter Ganshof van der Meersch arrived in Leopoldville early in June.

He brought with him the reputation of a strong man, largely derived from his successful prosecution of Belgians who had collaborated with the Nazis during the war. There seems little doubt that the Belgian Government, dismayed by the crumbling of Belgian authority and the spreading disloyalty of its citizens in the Congo, had sought a man of unassailable reputation who would win the confidence of Africans and Europeans alike. Mr. Ganshof van der Meersch, however, was so unsure in his grasp of Congo affairs that when I interviewed him all his replies to my questions were supplied by a secretary.

Still, he was the strong man who, as Belgium's Resident Minister, on June 14th took up the task of helping the Congolese to find a Prime Minister. His sole visible achievement was to deepen Congolese suspicions of Belgian motives.

He sent for Patrice Lumumba as leader of the largest party in Parliament, and he gave him until 6.30 p.m. on Friday, June 17th, to find out if he could form a government. But two hours before the deadline expired, he sent for Lumumba, withdrew the man-

date and revealed that he had already invited Joseph Kasavubu, leader of the *Abako* tribal party, to form a government instead.

Van der Meersch offered no adequate explanation for this brusque rejection of Lumumba. Lumumba himself was convinced that he had been sent for in the first place solely in order to mislead the public into believing that he had been given a chance and failed, that the Belgians had never wanted him to become Prime Minister.

Whatever the motive, the manoeuvre failed. Kasavubu was obliged to confess to van der Meersch that he did not have a parliamentary majority, and Lumumba had to be sent for again.

This episode, if it did nothing else, certainly increased Lumumba's dislike of the Belgians, but not until the morning of June 30th were we permitted to glimpse the depths of his bitterness and resentment. Independence day, instead of becoming a day of reconciliation, widened the gulf between the Belgians and the Congolese. Lumumba answered King Baudouin's praise of Leopold II with a denunciation of Belgium's colonial record. It was only with difficulty that the King was persuaded to remain for the rest of the day's ceremonies.

Thus the Congo was launched into independence in an atmosphere of suspicion, confusion and recrimination. And scarcely had Lumumba installed himself in the official villa on the banks of the Congo river when Leopoldville was torn by a series of tribal clashes.

The Force Publique handled these with its usual competence: armed soldiers descended on the battling Africans, clubbing and kicking them before carting them off to the nearest police post. Such a state of affairs was not abnormal in the city, and even provided the Belgians with a certain reassurance. After all, they had said often enough that the Congolese were brutal savages prevented from slaughtering one another only by the loyal, Belgian-officered Force Publique.

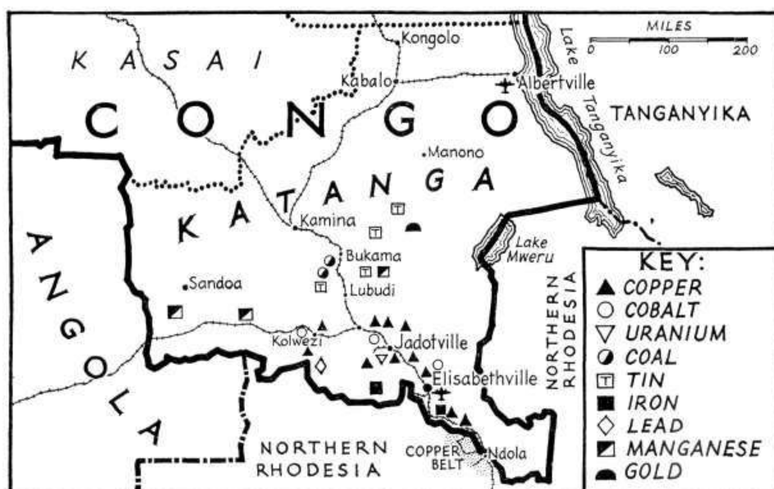
The Force Publique—that was all the Belgians had left now. But there were signs that even that was not sacred. On Sunday, July 3rd, a Belgian officer who had ordered the arrest of a dozen Africans for rioting in the suburb of Ngiri Ngiri suddenly found himself confronted by the Minister of the Interior, Mr. Christopher Obenye, who professed to believe that the Belgians were deliberately allowing the Africans to batter one another to pieces. For twenty minutes he argued furiously with the Belgian, while the soldiers stood around smoking cigarettes and listening.

Even so, all was well. General Emile Janssens, commander of the Force Publique, said so. Laughing and joking, he appeared in full dress, rows of medals on his chest, at the American Embassy's Fourth of July cocktail party. "The Force Publique? It is my creation. It is absolutely loyal. I have made my dispositions. Disorders will be firmly suppressed."

Twenty-four hours later the soldiers of the Leopold II barracks in Leopoldville were in revolt. There had been murmurings of discontent during the day, and in the evening the soldiers met to discuss their grievances. Belgian officers ordered them to disperse and, when they refused, attacked them with tear gas.

June 6th—Before dawn the Belgian officers at Leopold II had been disarmed, and troops at Thysville, the Force's main arsenal 100 miles down the Congo river, had joined the mutiny and arrested their officers. These officers, with their wives and children, numbered one hundred and were held as hostages. A 28-year-old African sergeant announced: "I am a soldier and I like to see discipline, but there has been too much discrimination between Europeans and Africans."

In Leopoldville, groups of soldiers, with their uniforms unbuttoned and swinging their swordbelts, roamed the streets, attacking Europeans and overturning cars. They invaded the parliament building, demanding the dismissal of General Janssens. They complained that the Belgians had told them independence was for civilians and that the soldiers would continue as before, with white officers.



Gradually other grievances came to light. They protested at being given extra parades for independence. They objected to the salaries M.P.s had voted themselves—some £3,000 a year plus expenses. They believed Lumumba was going to offer Belgians positions in the Ministry of Defence. Some reported rumours that Lumumba intended to invite the Russians to take over the country. True or false, no rumour was too wild to be believed by the soldiers. But in the end all these were consumed in their devouring hatred of their Flemish masters.

The Flemings, Catholic, stubbornly devoted to their Dutch dialect, jealous of the sophistication of their French-speaking countrymen, had over the years secured a position of ascendency in Belgium. That ascendency was reflected in the Congo, where Flemings occupied the most important positions in the Force Publique and the civil service and where they showed themselves in general as boorish, grasping and unimaginative. It was to them that the saying was attributed: "Knowledge of the whip is the beginning of wisdom—for the black man." And it was against the Flemish that the Congolese soldiers let loose the full fury of their resentments. On this first day of the mutiny, roaming bands of soldiers appeared in the village of Inkisi and, hunting down the Flemish families, beat up the men and raped the wives.

June 7th—During the night Leopoldville police joined the mutineers and expelled their white officers. From a score of places in the Lower Congo came reports of attacks by soldiers on isolated farmhouses. Before the day was out the Belgians had abandoned any hope of recovering control and were thinking only of rescuing their womenfolk. A convoy of 20 motor cars accompanied by a Congolese Minister of the Leopoldville provincial government set off for Thysville. A train also left Leopoldville for Thysville.

At this stage, Lumumba and his colleagues still seemed to think the uprising could be checked. Lumumba promoted every soldier in the force immediately and met all the other demands of the mutineers for the expulsion of Belgian officers. But the mutiny continued.

Late at night the blacked-out train returned from Thysville. Men stood on the darkened platform watching the women, children, babies in cots, and nuns emerging from the carriages. Within a few minutes everybody had heard the story of the rape of Inkisi. Men began to shout and laugh hysterically. A government official with me wept. "What have they done to our

Congo!" he sobbed. "Those apes!" A few minutes later I noticed him checking his revolver.

More refugees from the Thysville area arrived in the motor convoy soon after midnight, and this started fresh rumours of violence and rape. Hundreds of Belgians gathered in the main square of Leopoldville outside the Belgian embassy. They shouted for Belgian paratroopers to be brought in. More people arrived in cars.

Suddenly two white officers of the Force Publique appeared, shouting: "The blacks have seized the armoury and they're marching on the town."

Panic swept the crowd. Men shouted, "To arms!" Women clung to their husbands screaming. Drivers crashed and bumped their cars as they tried to get away. More and more people appeared, drawn by the noise and the headlights. At two o'clock the rush for the ferry began: shopkeepers, government officials, engineers, doctors, wives, typists, hotel chambermaids—all had but one thought and that was to get to the ferry which would take them across the Congo river to the safety of Brazzaville.

The soldiers appeared. They stopped every car, they searched every European, they invaded the hotels and turned us into the street, and everywhere they went they demanded: "Where is your gun?" The Belgians, who had for so long talked of standing and fighting, meekly handed over their guns or fled to the ferry. Through the night the ferryboats went back and forth across the Congo, and in Brazzaville French gendarmes searched the refugees, so that when dawn came the beach was heaped with pistols, revolvers and sporting rifles.

June 8th—The mutiny was now rolling irresistibly across the whole country, and everywhere the pattern of behaviour was the same. The troops turned on their officers, and took as their special victims the Flemish. Then the city workers, the labourers and the clerks, joined in demanding the dismissal of their Belgian managers.

Everywhere the Europeans were in flight. Grey-faced Flemish priests climbed out of helicopters at Leopoldville airport and told how they have been tied and beaten. A few nuns and wives went to the airport medical officers and asked for injections against venereal disease. Nobody denied the atrocities. Lumumba himself said that those responsible would be punished. The argument was to come later—about the numbers. I can make no estimate. I spoke to only six women who said they had been

assaulted. The medical officers at the airport said that, of the tens of thousands who passed through as refugees, some two hundred and fifty asked for injections against V.D.

June 9th—By the week-end it seemed certain that the Lumumba government was tottering towards its collapse. When Lumumba tried to address the troops at Leopold II barracks he was booed and chased away. He never once appeared in public, as his Foreign Minister, Justin Bomboko, did often enough to persuade the mobs to disperse. Persistently, Bomboko turned up and rescued groups of Europeans seized by the mutineers. But there was no organised authority. Army and police had disintegrated, the civil servants had fled and government offices were deserted. No taxes were collected and nobody worked. Lumumba was sleeping in a different house each night.

July 10th—Ganshof van der Meersch reappeared from Brussels. He brought with him an ultimatum; but was never allowed to deliver it, for Lumumba refused to see him. Nevertheless, it was clear that the Belgians had decided to intervene with their soldiers.

As the planeloads of refugees arrived from the Congo and the stories of brutality were told and retold and embellished, public opinion in Belgium became irresistible. But when the Belgians sent in their soldiers, they provided Lumumba with the classic situation which unites a country. The sight of Belgian soldiers in the streets of Leopoldville was something every Congolese could understand. The Belgians had come to take away the independence they had so recently granted. That day, and for many days afterwards, you could not find a Congolese who had a word to say against Lumumba.

The Belgians who had never wanted Lumumba as the head of the Congo government, had at last succeeded in turning him into a national leader.

Already, of course, we are being carefully taught the lessons of the Congo and being warned against granting independence too hastily to other African territories. No doubt the Congo can teach us many lessons. But surely the most important of them all is that for fifty years the Belgians held the Congo by force, never even knowing—since they permitted no freedom of expression until it was far too late—just how great the hatred was that they had earned.

It would seem that the Belgians were guilty not of granting freedom too soon, but of withholding it for too long; of giving only when they were forced to give, and then giving without generosity or grace.

AFRICANISATION

R. M. KAWAWA

President of the Tanganyika Federation of Labour

THE term Africanisation is already an established part of African political vocabulary. In Tanganyika—where many people of Asian and some of European origin have chosen permanently to live—the use of this term has caused occasional concern, especially because those who use it are actively engaged in the struggle for political, social and economic justice, and these are predominantly members of the black race, the indigenous population of Africa. Until recently, of course, the other races living in Africa have—with a few individual exceptions—always identified themselves with their countries of origin, and, to my knowledge, have never wished to be called or considered African. The word "African" has always been identified with the socially and economically backward, the politically unrepresented black people. In all industries and public services wages and conditions of employment were—and still are—divided into three classes, starting at the very bottom of the scale with the African and climbing through the Asian rungs to the European at the top. Indeed, terms such as "African Nurse", "African Assistant Medical Officers", and "African Field Assistant" are in common usage.

Hardly any Europeans and Asians living in Africa have identified themselves completely with the exploited blacks. The Europeans have settled in great numbers almost invariably where their own metropolitan powers have ruled: the Belgians in the Congo, the Portuguese in Angola and Moçambique, the English in East, Central and parts of West Africa. The colonial powers have always given greater protection and supplied more assistance for development to people of their own racial origin than to those they were colonizing; it is therefore hardly surprising that the Europeans have enjoyed greater social and economic advancement than the indigenous people amongst whom they settled. The Asians on the whole have kept silent and interested themselves mainly in trade. Some leading Asians, however, have in the past—some of them still do—come out openly on the side of the colonial power. Fortunately, a change is coming over multi-racial Africa in the track of the continental awakening. The term

African has now acquired a much wider meaning. It extends beyond the indigenous black population to all those who have chosen Africa as their home and, even more importantly, have identified themselves with the struggle for political, social and economic emancipation that is surging across the whole of Africa. The name "African" is no longer as degrading to European and Asian as it was before this struggle began, for the African today is speedily regaining his lost dignity. The African has proved to the world that there is no such thing as an inferior man or an inferior race, and that he is as capable of learning and creating as men in any of the other continents. An Asian or a European living in Africa today may be proud to call himself an African; but this is surely not enough. The mere fact of living in Africa and acknowledging it as home cannot convince the black people that such Asians and Europeans who have chosen to do so are their fellow Africans. Talk by itself is meaningless, it is what is done that means so much more.

The demand for Africanisation is made by the black people and means a replacement by them of those of different origin. Despite the wider meaning that the term African has acquired today, the blacks are still at the bottom of every ladder and identify themselves completely and practically with the struggle for change. To ask the indigenous Africans to forget the agony of their past is to ask them to ignore the lesson that their experience has taught them. Asians and Europeans are crying in Tanganyika today for non-racial parties, but just how practical is this? Those non-racial political parties which have been formed in Tanganyika have never succeeded, for they never aimed at emancipating the African, but only at deluding him into satisfaction with the lowest rung. It is the experience of the present that will constitute African reaction in the future; and the place that the Asian and the European will build for themselves in Africa will be governed by the degree of sacrifice they are prepared to make in the cause of a life in joint advancement and dedication with and amongst the Africans. Theirs must be the initiative, for theirs are the means with which to help the others. The social and economic backwardness of the blacks is not only their challenge, but a challenge to the white and to the brown. There can be no peace and no security where there are some who suffer for their colour and some who enjoy. In Tanganyika the African leaders have advocated racial co-operation in the past and will continue to do so. In the trade union movement, we have adopted a non-

racial policy and trade unions are open to workers of all races. It is particularly unfortunate that those Asians and Europeans who cry repeatedly for racial harmony have not seized the opportunity so offered them, in a field which provides such practical examples of inter-racial living. On the contrary Asians and Europeans have often acted as strike breakers during African strikes.

It is on the plane of social and economic activities that the true spirit of African fellowship will be discovered. In Tanganyika the right atmosphere already exists for effecting such a fellowship. Politically the races are advancing towards the objectives without which there can be no final peace, no proper harmony. If the people are to be persuaded to build up a non-racial society, in which man will neither climb nor fall by the colour of his skin, an opportunity must be seized at once practically to show them this. Africanisation is a racial demand only because advancement has been and still is a racial prerogative.

JANHEINZ JAHN

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NIGERIA AND TOMORROW'S AFRICA

AKIN MABOGUNJE

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BETWEEN 1860 and the end of the century, various European powers carved out the African continent into spheres of influence within which they gradually came to achieve not only commercial supremacy but also political hegemony. In short, the late nineteenth-century scramble for Africa imprinted on the continent a hotch-potch pattern of political groupings such as existed in Europe. Out of these groupings have emerged the new States of Africa, each of them reflecting in diverse ways characteristics of the colonising power. Today, less than a hundred years after the scramble, international excitement has again shifted to Africa. Everywhere the cry is for independence or self-government; and within merely five years of 1955, no fewer than 12 States have become independent or self-governing.

This rapid increase in the number of newly-independent countries has had the effect of dividing Africa into two political blocs. To the north and west (except for Algeria) are countries ruled by their indigenous inhabitants. Here the Europeans form a minority, insignificant both in terms of number and political importance. To the south and east are countries where the Europeans, although still a minority, exercise important political power out of all proportion to their numbers and where the African majority is more than ever before conscious of the political rights denied it.

It is into these evolving African conditions that Nigeria is to be thrust on October 1st as the single most populous independent African State. With its population of almost 40 millions—out of a total of some 230 millions for the whole of Africa—Nigeria's premier position on the continent is almost assured. Yet its claim to leadership is unlikely to go uncontested, and it is daily becoming more patent that sheer size of population will not by itself confer a leader's rôle on the country. If Nigeria intends to assume a guiding place in Africa, it has to take its stand forcefully on the new and sometimes indeterminate political concepts current throughout the continent today.

II

The first of these concepts is that of Pan-Africanism, dating from just before the First World War when the American Negro, Dr. William DuBois, began to expound it as a political philosophy. Its real impact, however, only began to be felt after the Accra Conference of independent African States in 1958. As a political philosophy, Pan-Africanism does not lend itself to clear-cut definition. The late George Padmore analysed its essential elements as national self-determination for African States, individual liberty and democratic socialism. Judging from the pronouncements of its more recent exponents, two main ideas seem to lie behind Pan-Africanism. The first is that Africa belongs to the Africans. In this context, an African is either a member of a race as far as is known indigenous to the continent, or a member of a migrant race whose movement into Africa took place more than eight centuries ago. Thus, whilst the Arabs of North and East Africa who arrived between the seventh and twelfth centuries are regarded as Africans, the Europeans of South, East and Central Africa who moved in since the fifteenth century are not. The second idea follows from the first—that all non-Africans on the continent must either leave or be prepared to accept an inferior political position, corresponding to their numbers, in the country of their domicile.

The proponents of Pan-Africanism see the next decade as crucial, since it must witness the extension of their ideas into those areas of the continent where the European minority still wields enormous power. They realise that it will be a decade of struggles, of crisis after crisis, even of violence. Any independent African State that does not merely profess Pan-Africanism, but intends to lead others in making it a reality, must be prepared for such eventualities. Ghana, which is in the vanguard of the movement at the moment, is giving both the psychological inspiration and concrete, if modest, material aid to further the cause. It is sponsoring the growth of a Pan-African Trade Union Movement as an effective weapon for realising these ideals. Nigeria, if it is to enjoy any leadership, must be able to do more than this. It must be able to inspire Pan-Africanism with new and constructive ideas that have a good chance of early realisation.

A Nigeria prepared to assume such a rôle will have to look at the rest of the world through the spectacles of Pan-Africanism. Any non-African country which shows genuine sympathy for the cause of Pan-Africanism will thus have extended to it the right

hand of fellowship. For Nigeria to view its international political relations in this way, however, would cut across the existing world division into two power blocs, since countries which are likely to show genuine sympathy and understanding of the African situation will be found on both sides of the iron curtain. This is bound, therefore, to lead Nigeria into the camp of the positively neutral countries, such as India. In spite of this logic, one cannot ignore the persistent statements of various political leaders in the country that they profoundly prize their association with the Western powers. How these declarations can be reconciled with Pan-Africanism will doubtless depend on the attitude of the Western powers to the grave human problems in Southern Africa. If they show an eagerness to help resolve the present injustice endured by the Africans in these areas, they might find in Nigeria a willingness to pursue a foreign policy which, though neutral, still leans heavily towards the West.

An almost parallel movement to Pan-Africanism with which Nigeria will be involved is that of Negritude. This movement involves principally people of Negro origin and for a long time remained on the purely literary level. The exponents of Negritude are to be found not only within Africa itself but also in the Americas and the Caribbean and wherever there are people of Negro stock. The movement has given rise to a literature both in French and in English which seeks to give to the rest of the world an African interpretation of existence. Leading names in the movement, such as Aimé Cesaire, Leopold Senghor and Alioune Diop, belong to the French-speaking West Indies and West Africa. A few Nigerian poets, writers and playwrights, such as Dennis Osadebay, are mentioned; but their writings are included more as typical of the general movement than as giving any special lead in this realm of ideas.

Out of these two concepts—Pan-Africanism and Negritude—has emerged the desire to project the African personality to the rest of the world. At the bottom of this desire is the dim feeling that the African, in re-discovering his lost dignity, has something special to teach or tell the rest of the world. Those who share this feeling are trying to give it shape and communicate it, whether in the field of international diplomacy or in matters of culture and religion. At present, what is more evident is a straining to project something, and something that is still rather elusive. Ghana, for instance, is trying to remodel Western democracy to suit what she claims to be the African condition; and only time

can show whether what is achieved affects the very substance of democracy or merely its trappings. There is as yet no indication of any Nigerian interpretations of the African personality, and the many statements on the subject by Nigerians are distinguished only by their extreme vagueness.

III

A much more immediate way in which Nigeria's position might affect the shape of tomorrow's Africa is its stand on the much-discussed union of West African States. Two schools of thought have developed in the last few years, one led by Ghana and the other by Liberia. The Ghanaian school emphasizes that for West Africa to carry much weight in the comity of nations a political union of all its component States is essential. As a profession of this conviction, the Ghanaian Government inserted a clause into the new Republican Constitution of the country providing for the submission of the country's sovereign rights to such a union whenever formed; and, as an earnest of its determination, it entered into a form of union with the Republic of Guinea when that State became independent in 1958. More recently, Lumumba has indicated a desire to see the new Republic of the Congo associated with this union.

The Liberian school of thought believes such a political union to be undesirable and bound inevitably to give rise to unnecessary problems and struggles for leadership. At any rate, such a union looks unattainable to Liberia short of military action by a West African State powerful enough to subdue all the others. Instead, therefore, she proposes a customs union of West Africa States, with increased co-operation among them in various specified fields of human endeavour.

Nigeria has nowhere yet declared which of these two schools it supports. From the enthusiasm shown during the visit of the Liberian President, one might be tempted to believe that it leans strongly towards the Liberian point of view. Yet one must not discount the presence in the country of a strong body of opinion which believes that the future of the African continent lies in the political and military might of a United States of West Africa. Nor is this belief of recent birth; it goes back to those inter-war years when students from all parts of British West Africa met in Britain or the United States to consider the future of their countries together.

Tomorrow's Africa, then, must be seen as a continent needing both political and cultural leadership. Because of the general low level of economic prosperity and technical skill everywhere, there is not likely to be any considerable economic leadership for some time to come, except where economic aid is used to further political ambitions. At this juncture, therefore, we may ask what particular advantages Nigeria possesses for continental leadership.

A major advantage, of course, is Nigeria's population. A nation that can speak with the voice of 40 million people is one that must command a hearing. But for this potential strength to be translated into practical politics requires the emergence of a national leader, and one who must possess particular attributes. Within the country he must provide in his person the rallying point for all that is progressive in the national aspirations. On the international plane, he must be a leader possessed of enough imagination to appreciate the vital rôle of Nigeria in shaping the future of Africa. Above all, he must have the unflinching courage to pursue the path which the appreciation of this duty dictates in the face of opposition from the fairly powerful conservative element in the country.

Such a leader is still far from coming onto the stage. Up to now, the essentially regional slant of Nigeria's three main political parties has provided obstacles; while the nature of the present Federal Government has hardly been conducive to the emergence of such a personality. This Government, a coalition between the conservative Northern Peoples' Congress (N.P.C.) and the more progressive National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons (N.C.N.C.) is—like all coalitions—a government of compromise, in which the more extreme policies of both parties tend to be thrown overboard.

IV

The absence of a forceful and imaginative Federal Government has accordingly left the thinking about Nigeria's rôle in Africa largely in the hands of private organisations made up of intellectuals, professionals, labour leaders and various youth bodies. The lack of co-ordination among these different groups, however, has blunted the impact that they would assuredly otherwise have have had. Nonetheless, it must be counted to their credit that during the Sharpeville crisis in South Africa they succeeded in influencing the Federal Government towards the strongest state-

ments of hostility to the actions of the South African Government.

V

In spite of all this, there are three ways in which Nigeria might substantially influence the shape of the new Africa. The first springs from the very weakness of the country at present—its federal system of government. The emergence of really powerful and nation-wide political parties, with nationally known and acclaimed leaders, may not be as far in the future as the gloomy suggest. And in a continent whose peoples belong to thousands of different tribes, an enforced unitary system of government might give rise to more problems than it solves. It has been asserted by many political observers that if the Belgian Congo had opted for a federal rather than a centralised system of government, some of its grave political problems still awaiting solution might not have arisen in the first place. At any rate, if the constitutional development of Nigeria can be seen as evolutionary and if the country can make a success of federalism which, by its very nature, seems to weaken the chances of any dictator's emerging, the country may yet become a real bulwark of democracy in a continent many fear may crumble one day into small dictatorships.

The second form Nigerian influence may take is over the issue of West African Union. As mentioned earlier, the present leaders of the country seem to side with the Liberian school of thought, choosing co-operation among West African States rather than a political union. Some of the leaders are, however, prepared to accept that such co-operation may be the first step on a ladder leading ultimately to political union. After independence, Nigeria will have to decide on the scope and strength of this co-operation. If all that is envisaged is co-operation on the old lines, institutions such as the West African Airways, West African Currency Board, West African Institute of Cocoa Research and various other semi-governmental organizations, the result will be hardly noticeable. For greater effect, Nigeria must conceive of co-operation on a much more extensive and high-powered plane. There are two fields especially in which the effect of such a new conception of co-operation can be made decisive.

The first is the economic field. Most of the exponents of inter-State co-operation talk in terms of a customs union and the removal of artificial political barriers to the free movement of

people from one part of West Africa to another. Nigeria can go one step further and promote the concept of West Africa as a single economic region. Nigeria's coal, for instance, which is at present finding only a small domestic market, can be diverted to supply the needs of those parts of French West Africa which now import their coal from Europe. The total effect of such a move would be to create a common market of some 80 million people for produce from all parts of West Africa. To realise such an ambition, Nigeria must spear-head a movement for a unified and improved system of transportation—not only between the interior and the coast, but also from one part of West Africa to another. It must also encourage the free movement of capital and labour over the whole of West Africa.

The second field in which the country can provide a lead is military. For if history can provide any guide, it is that a militarily strong country commands more respect from the rest of the world than one which is weak, while military strength is known to be sufficient deterrent to any aggressor. Nigeria should therefore champion a move towards a West African defensive alliance which would guarantee the integrity of the whole sub-continent against enemy attack. This idea would prove fruitful in another sense. Since for some years to come, West African countries must depend for military armaments upon outside sources, the presence of a unified military control should simplify the purchase and handling of equipment.

And this brings us to the final way in which Nigeria may influence the shape of tomorrow's Africa. So far, Nigeria's positive contributions to the cause of Pan-Africanism have been meagre in the extreme. Yet this need not always be so. Nigeria, especially if it can realise those economic and military ends in West Africa previously outlined, can promote the declaration of something like a Monroe Doctrine, opposing any foreign intervention in the political affairs of the African continent. From a position of strength, it could regard as an infringement of her sovereignty any violation of the integrity of any African State.

Still lacking, however, would be some solution to race tyranny in South and Central Africa; and this task, fraught as it is with enormous difficulties, would have to be faced not only with courage but with great imagination. The three and a half million or so Europeans who have made their homes in this southern half of the continent cannot be expected to pack their baggage and depart. And yet, conditions in these places are such

that the present rule by race of the many by the few, cannot be allowed to continue.

The greatest test for Nigerian statesmen, in fact for all African statesmen during the next few years, will be the improvement of human relations in South and Central Africa without the dangers of economic and political chaos. The white minority who are still in power are, of course, the people from whom a change must be compelled. The economic pressure now being exerted on the South African Government must accordingly be seen as a means rather than as an end in itself. The objective must remain not the expulsion of the European from Africa, but the establishment of non-racial communities where white-dominated ones at present exist—societies where the rule of law will be guaranteed irrespective of race, and liberty and equality no longer made conditional on colour.

Nigeria's vital rôle in bringing this about will lie in its interpretation of Pan-Africanism. If it can help to expand the scope of this concept to embrace all those living in Africa irrespective of race, colour or creed, it will make an invaluable contribution to world peace and to the shape and destiny of tomorrow's Africa.

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HISTORY IN AFRICA

BASIL DAVIDSON

"AFRICANS have no history." This familiar assertion has always acted as a justification for denouncing Africans as savages—or as near to savages as makes no difference.

It must therefore be a vital part of the African awakening to recover the memory and the fact of African history. That is why the first conference of independent African States, held at Accra in 1958, did good service to the cause of emanicipation when it declared that: "We shall encourage and strengthen studies of African culture and history and geography in the institutions of learning of the African States . . ."

What are the independent countries—more numerous now than in 1958—doing to make good this pledge? The answer is that they are doing something, but not much. Not enough.

There is plenty of reason to excuse this. To begin with, they have had very little time to elaborate and realise programmes of research in the fields of history and archaeology. Such programmes require long preparation, skilled workers, sacks of money. All these desiderata have been necessarily lacking in independent Africa. Even if the Government of the Republic of the Sudan, for example, had felt able to devote a considerable slice of its slender resources to the saving and excavation of the great sites of ancient Kush and Nubia—sites now threatened with imminent inundation by the projected high dam at Assuan—it could have achieved only a tithe of the work. The best equipped of States and the wealthiest of Governments would need long years to recover the complex knowledge of the past that these sand-buried palaces and cities undoubtedly conceal.

And aside from time and money, independent Africa needs scholars and workers who are trained in the necessary disciplines—and here again the lack of these cannot possibly be made good either quickly or easily. It must also be a serious question whether newly-independent States ought to encourage their all-too-rare postgraduate students to concentrate on historical studies which, however important for the ultimate growth of African culture, cannot in the nature of things yield rapid results.

Yet it would be wrong to imagine that nothing is being done. Ghana, for example, has lately provided funds for a long-term programme of historical research into the origins and culture of

the Akan peoples who compose so large a part of her population. This programme will be a valuable companion project to the historical studies now being pursued by Nigerian scholars under the sponsorship of the Federal and Western Regional Government of Nigeria. One of the best African history books of recent years has come from the pen of a Nigerian historian; and it must be an encouragement to all historians that Dike, its author, should now preside over the fortunes of Ibadan University College. This—like the presence there of Biobaku, another Nigerian historian—is a guarantee that continued interest in Nigerian history will not fail.

In the same way one may note with pleasure that the Sudanese Government, though unable of its own resources to recover the grandeur of Meroe, has facilitated the work of foreign expeditions; and one of these—that of Hintze of the Humboldt University of Berlin—is already deep into Meroitic discovery. In East Africa there is new scope for the study of *African* history at the University College of Makerere in Uganda; and the British Treasury's agreement to provide a substantial annual grant towards the foundation and expansion of a new East African Institute of History and Archaeology is another good sign of the times. Steady results are also coming to hand in several of the French-speaking countries of Africa. Even in strife-torn Rhodesia—Southern and Northern—archaeologists like Clark and Summers and Robinson have found means to throw much new light, these last few years, on the true beginnings and nature of the great stone-building cultures of the southern African Iron Age. Lately, too, the Nuffield Foundation has provided grants for the staff of the Rhodes-Livingstone Museum to conduct valuable research into Northern Rhodesian Iron Age sites; and Chaplin and Fagan are now embarked on work of great importance in this field.

All this—and here I have offered only a few stray examples—makes a valid contribution to Africa's rediscovery of itself. The importance of history is very much in the air of nationalist Africa today. Only a few weeks ago an African from Moçambique, briefly visiting London, went out of his way in conversation to emphasize the importance which, quite rightly, he felt should attach to a proper archaeological survey of Moçambique—a country, one may add, that is practically blank on the archaeological map but is certainly rich in Iron Age sites and ruins. And one could surely double this observation in any African land where the wind of freedom blows.

This new interest in Africa is happily paralleled by a new interest in Europe. At least half-a-dozen important studies in pre-European African history are now going through the press in Britain and France. History books for the general reader have begun to appear in London and Paris; and, so far as one can judge, they are being widely read. Much credit for this development must go to the School of Oriental and African Studies of London University for its two memorable conferences on African history and archaeology, one in 1953 and the other in 1957.

At least one important lesson now clearly emerges. It is that the study of African culture in the past cannot sensibly or helpfully be limited to separate and unco-ordinated research within the new national frontiers. Many of these frontiers are merely the inheritance of arbitrary colonial divisions; and some of them, at least, are bound to disappear in the near future. One or two (notably between Senegal and ex-French Sudan, and between British and Italian Somalia) have already disappeared. The study of African history is manifestly the study of a great diversity of societies—but it is also, and no less, the study of an underlying and essential unity between many of these cultures. No scholar any longer expects, for example, to be able to explain the walls of Zimbabwe by merely Rhodesian data: for the origins and governing motives of the men who built these walls, research now looks increasingly beyond Rhodesia—to Angola, to the Congo, even to Nigeria. And one could apply the same lesson to other African cultures which have achieved greatness in the past.

One may well ask if the time may not have come when independent Africa should go a step beyond its pledge of 1958—and give some practical confirmation, in the field of historical studies, to this fact of unity-in-diversity. If London University can hold intensely rewarding conferences that range far and wide across Africa for their themes and discussions, may it not be right for African Universities to begin to do the same? Is the moment really premature for the foundation of a co-ordinating centre, in Africa, for historical and archaeological research? Would not this sort of co-ordinating central institution be a strong and useful incentive for young graduates to choose careers in history and archaeology? As things stand today, there is a desperate shortage of African graduates who are qualified to collect African tradition, rewrite the story of their own countries, re-interpret the findings of the past, and build for the future a picture of their Continent that is true, dignified, and complete.

REBELLION AGAINST RACIALISM

HENRY LEE MOON

Director of Public Relations, National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People.

It is significant that the revival on the American campus of extra-mural activity challenging the *status quo* should stem from Southern Negro students. The concern for off-campus problems had never been as keen among American students as among those in Europe, Asia and Latin America, and such as existed had atrophied during the era of McCarthyism. Complacency ruled the American campus. Security became the chief concern of students.

This apparent indifference to vital political and civic problems came to an abrupt end on February 1st when four students of the all-Negro North Carolina Agricultural and Technical College at Greensboro, in defiance of long-established custom, sat down at a lunch counter in Woolworth's variety store and asked for service. They sat for an hour, until the stored closed, and still were not served.

Woolworth's, like other stores in the region, solicits and welcomes Negro trade unsegregated at every counter except where food is served and obeisance duly paid to the Southern taboo against Negroes and whites eating together. In Southern cities generally, it is impossible for a Negro shopping downtown or on any business that takes him out of the Negro ghetto to sit down for a snack or a meal or even a glass of water at a lunch counter or in a restaurant patronized by white persons. In some places he may be served standing up but not sitting down. There are seldom eating places in the heart of the city open to Negroes. Accordingly, they must go thirsty and remain hungry until they return to the restricted Negro area.

For the most part there are no laws in the South or elsewhere requiring the exclusion of Negroes from public eating places. It is merely a practice embedded in custom. Such laws as exist are of questionable constitutional validity. On the other hand, there are no laws in the South, such as have been enacted in 26 Northern and Western states, forbidding racial discrimination in places of public accommodation.

The present revolt, started in Greensboro, spread rapidly to other cities in North Carolina and to other states until, in one form or another, it encompassed every state in the U.S. where the pattern of racial discrimination in public facilities prevailed.

Within a month there were "sit-ins" and other demonstrations against discrimination at lunch counters, public libraries, art galleries, and election polls in a score of cities. Negro college and high school students, sometimes aided by young white collegians and Negro adults, conducted the non-violent demonstrations against racism.

By the end of April, protest demonstrations at lunch counters, on the beach or in public institutions had been conducted in 58 cities across the South, with repeat performances in many of them. Principally, the demonstrations were directed at such chain variety stores as F. W. Woolworth, S. S. Kresge, S. H. Kress and W. T. Grant. Local stores and state and regional chains were also subject to the "sit-ins", as were the lunch rooms of such public buildings as courthouses and state capitols.

The non-violent passive resistance demonstrations were met in a variety of ways by the store managers, the police and the public. In most places, the lunch counters were closed once the Negro students occupied the seats. In some instances the stores were cleared and closed. This procedure was followed particularly where there had been false alarms of hidden bombs or where white hoodlums precipitated or threatened violence. The Negro students and the few white allies who joined them in the demonstrations were subjected to abuse and even attacks by teenage and adult white hooligans. The demonstrators never retaliated, while police arrested no more than a handful of the hoodlums.

More than 1,300 demonstrating students, however, including a score or more of young white men and women, have been arrested and fined a total of $103,400. A few of these have resolutely refused bail and payment of their fines, preferring to serve their sentences as an expression of their determination to continue the struggle. Not only have they faced the abuse of private citizens, but also that of the police. Tear gas, fire-hose, and police dogs have been used in efforts to break up the demonstrations.

In most instances bail money has been raised and lawyers provided by local citizens or units of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People or directly by the NAACP Legal Defence and Educational Fund. Charges against the students ranged from disorderly conduct and trespass to a conspiracy to obstruct trade (Nashville, Tenn.). The state legislatures of Georgia, Mississippi, Arkansas and Virginia hastily enacted new trespass measures, making it a misdemeanour for anyone to refuse

to leave an establishment when ordered out by the owner or manager. Similar laws already existed in some of the other states.

The legal right of the students to stage "sit-in" demonstrations has not been firmly established. Charges of trespass against 43 Negro students for demonstrating on company-owned sidewalks in a Raleigh (North Carolina) case were dismissed on April 22nd on the basis of a United States Supreme Court decision which held that the owner abrogated absolute control over such property once he opened it to public use. Out of the pending cases will come, almost certainly, a test of whether an establishment, having invited a customer in for general purchases, can legally charge trespass when the customer seeks a service denied him solely on account of his race. The 350-year-old case of the six carpenters in an English suit is cited in defence of the students against trespass charges. The store owners and law enforcement officers are depending upon a recent federal district court ruling in a Baltimore case that "a restaurant has the right to select its clientèle and make the selection on the basis of colour if it so desires."

The students, however, are not so much concerned with legal as with moral rights. Their objective encompasses much more than the right to sit down at a lunch counter for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Their real goal is the establishment of respect for the dignity of the Negro as a person, entitled to all the rights accorded his fellow human beings. This goal, they fully realize, is unattainable within the framework of segregation. At the heart of the movement is discontent with the whole *status quo*. The students, belying the claims of many Southern white politicians and editorialists that Negroes are satisfied with their position in Southern society, reject not only the philosophy of segregation, but the practice as well. They are refusing to co-operate any longer with a system they consider undemocratic and unChristian, cruel and degrading.

Theirs is a revolt against a rigid caste system which relegates Negroes to an inferior position, permitting escape neither to the individual on a merit basis nor to the masses on any basis at all. Segregation is the instrument through which the system has been maintained. Indeed, the maintenance of the system, and not separation of the races, is the primary purpose of compulsory segregation. Within the framework of caste, Southern whites and Negroes have been by tradition intimately associated with one

another. The Southern white woman who entrusts her children to the care of a Negro nurse commonly rebels at the idea of her children going to school with the children of the very black nurse who so closely and for so long looked after them.

The "sit-in" demonstrations dramatize the students' rejection of this archaic system, while the demonstrators assert both their Americanism and their essential humanity. Their impatience is born of the conviction that they have already had to wait too long for rights justly due to them. Nothing less than recognition of their full citizenship rights will still their demands.

It is this conviction which has given to the movement the colour of a crusade. The students are prepared to pay whatever price the victory entails—abuse, violence, expulsion, imprisonment. They are not prepared to compromise on the principle of the oneness and equality of all humankind. They scorn laws and customs which set them apart from other human beings of whatever origin. They refrain from hate and retaliation under extreme provocation. They affirm their dedication to the basic principles of political democracy and the teachings of their Christian faith.

The manner in which they have conducted their campaign, their dependence upon non-violence, their poise and their courage, have won for the Southern Negro student surprising support even in the South. Students from Southern white colleges as well as white students attending predominantly Negro colleges have participated in the "sit-ins" and given moral and financial support to the movement. Certain Southern newspapers have indicated the moral justice of the students' position. '*The Daily News*', published in Greensboro, N.C., where the present movement began, observed that " . . . the only sensible course is to find some way to serve all those customers who want to be served" and called for counsel "to help North Carolina dispose of this sometimes ridiculous controversy over where and how people have lunch."

The Richmond (Va.) '*News Leader*', a strongly pro-segregation newspaper and originator of Virginia's "massive resistance" to public school desegregation, commented:

> "Many a Virginian must have felt a tinge of wry regret at the state of things as they are, in reading of Saturday's 'sit-downs' by Negro students in Richmond stores. Here were the colored students, in coats, white shirts, ties, and one of them was reading Goethe and one was taking notes from a biology

text. And here, on the sidewalk outside, was a gang of white boys come to heckle, a ragtail rabble, slack-jawed, black-jacketed, grinning fit to kill, and some of them, God save the mark, were waving the proud and honored flag of the Southern States in the last war (the Civil War) fought by gentlemen. Eheu! It gives one pause."

On a statewide telecast, Governor Leroy Collins of Florida indicated that the store owners had a legal right to deny service to Negroes, but questioned the morality of an establishment which solicited Negroes as customers for a variety of goods while rejecting them as lunch room guests.

"As far as I'm concerned," he said, "I don't mind saying that if a man has a department store and he invites the public generally to come into in his department store and trade, I think then it is unfair and morally wrong for him to single out one department and say he does not want or will not allow Negroes to patronize that one department."

The Governor announced the appointment of a bi-racial committee to work on the state level in order to improve race relations. He called upon communities throughout the state to set up similar local committees. His appeal won wide support within the state as well as elsewhere.

Singularly, the only national figure to berate the students has been former President Harry S. Truman who (1) announced belligerently that he would throw them out if they invaded a store he ran, (2) admonished them to "behave and be good citizens while pushing for integration", (3) accused the NAACP of "doing the wrong thing . . . . losing friends instead of making them", and (4) charged that the student movement was instigated by Communists. Later he conceded that if he ran a lunch counter there would be no segregation and acknowledged that he had no evidence of Communist infiltration or instigation of the movement.

The students, the movement and the NAACP were less the victims of Mr. Truman's blunt expostulation than the Democratic Party of which the former President is the nominal head. On the basis of his record as President, Mr. Truman proved an effective campaigner in Negro districts during the 1952 and 1956 presidential elections. Present indications are that he will be a liability among coloured voters this year because of his hostility to the student movement.

Even President Eisenhower, a self-proclaimed moderate on civil rights as on other issues, acknowledged the moral justice of the students and gave the movement an approving nod.

In response to a reporter's question at his news conference on March 16th, the President said:

> "I am deeply sympathetic with the efforts of any group to enjoy the rights of equality that they are guaranteed by the Constitution. I do not believe that violence in any form furthers that aspiration, and I deplore any violence that is exercised to prevent them—in having and enjoying those rights . . . if a person is expressing such an aspiration as this in a perfectly legal way, then I don't see any reason why he should not do it."

Such other leading political figures as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and Senators Hubert Humphrey, John Kennedy and Stuart Symington are on record in support of the students. Also supporting them are organized labour, including the North Carolina State Federation, various religious denominations and organizations, and many political and civic groups.

The movement shook Northern college students, mostly white, out of the lethargy to which they had succumbed under the impact of McCarthyism. The sons and daughters of America's upper classes, students of the Ivy League colleges, as well as the middle class students attending the state universities, municipal colleges and the less expensive denominational institutions across the country rallied to the support of their fellow students in the Deep South. They raised money to help carry on the campaign and to provide scholarships for expelled students, circulated petitions and picketed the non-Southern outlets of the offending chains. A group of 150 students from four New England colleges picketed the White House on April 15th in protest against racial discrimination.

From the outset, the students took fierce pride in the independence of their movement. It was something which they claimed as their own, even though many of the leaders were members of NAACP college chapters and some of other organizations such as CORE (Congress of Racial Equality) and the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC). It was something spontaneous that they had started; and they clearly intended to keep it within their control. Nevertheless, they needed and sought the support of established organizations.

The NAACP set up state and area co-ordinating committees, helping to publicize and otherwise aid the movement. The SCLC called a regional conference to assist in the co-ordination of the movement. On March 16th, Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, instituted a campaign through the Association's 1,200 local units to withhold patronage from all outlets of those chains the Southern stores of which discriminated against Negroes. He also asked that picket lines be established in front of all the stores, urging consumers not to patronize them.

CORE also called for nation-wide picketing of the stores and launched a campaign to secure 2,000,000 pledges not to patronize the offending chains. Generous support was given by student groups, labour unions, the clergy, and many local organizations.

Because these stores cater primarily for low-income consumers, wholesale withholding of patronage by Negroes alone could prove an effective economic weapon. In communities where Negroes constitute 25 to 30 per cent of the total population, they may well account for 50 per cent or more of the regular patronage, as coloured citizens are disproportionately concentrated in the low-income group. A sustained campaign by Negroes, augmented by sympathetic whites, could mean the difference between profit and ruin.

The most significant success of the present campaign came in Nashville, Tennessee, where six department and variety stores quietly lifted the colour bar at their lunch counters on May 10th. Some 150 students had been harassed and arrested during "sit-in" demonstrations in April. Agreement was reached to open the counters on an integrated basis after negotiations carried on between the merchants, city officials and representatives of the students.

On April 19th, the home of Z. Alexander Looby was wrecked by a bomb. He and his wife narrowly escaped assassination. A member of the NAACP Board of Directors and one of two Negro members of the Nashville City Council, Mr. Looby was chief counsel for the students. Although the city offered a reward of $10,000 and the Federal Bureau of Investigation entered the case, no clues had been uncovered as of mid-May.

Earlier the variety stores in San Antonio, Galveston, Corpus Christi and Dallas (Texas), had lifted the racial ban. The move came in San Antonio after NAACP groups prepared to stage demonstrations. Community leaders, the clergy and business

leaders settled the issue, negating the necessity for any demonstration. Desegregation of certain lunch room facilities have also been registered in such border state cities as Baltimore, St. Louis, Louisville and St. Joseph, Mo. Partial gains have been reported from Miami and from Salisbury and Winston-Salem, N.C. Elsewhere in the South the old pattern of lunch counter segregation has not been changed.

The "sit-in" demonstrations which have swept the South since February 1st did not originate with the Greensboro students. Two years ago in 1958, youth units of the NAACP in Wichita, Kans., and Oklahoma City launched carefully planned demonstrations at lunch counters in their respective cities. As a result, a Kansas state chain abandoned its Jim Crow policy. In Oklahoma City some 60 establishments which in 1958 barred Negroes now serve them. These demonstrations, however, did not precipitate the arrests and violence which have characterized the present movement. The following year, four members of the NAACP chapter at Washington University in St. Louis, were arrested when they refused to leave an off-campus lunch room which denied service to the three Negro students in the group. But there was no violence, nor the kind of follow-up that stemmed from the Greensboro incident.

Essentially the same conditions prevailed. Dr. King's spectacular year-long bus protest in Montgomery had occurred in 1956. The pace of school desegregation was not appreciably slower in 1960 than in 1958. Civil rights legislation was pending in 1960, but a law had been enacted in 1957, the first civil rights measure passed by Congress in 82 years. The unrest which the "sit-ins" dramatized was as prevalent in 1958 as two years later.

Nor was there any noticeable change in the climate of opinion, among either Southern whites or Negroes, in the 18-month period between August 1958 and February 1960. Over the years, there had been a growing demand on the part of Negroes for the exercise of their citizenship rights; while, among younger and more enlightened white Southerners, a realization has been developing that the old Jim Crow pattern cannot endure. Much of this has been the direct result of work by the NAACP and other anti-discrimination organizations in undermining the legal props to segregation, in expanding the Negro vote and securing the enactment of civil rights, and in sharpening public awareness of the basic issue of human rights.

The difference may be that in 1958 the demonstrations were initiated by high school students during the summer vacation; this year the match was struck by college students during the academic year. The Greensboro incident set practically every Negro campus in the country alight. Suddenly it became vastly more important to "sit-in" than to win the varsity letter or to be crowned "Queen" of the home-coming game. The jailed student replaced the football star as the hero of the campus. Fraternity politics and social activities dwindled into comparative insignificance.

This spontaneous maturing of the Negro college student is rooted in the grim reality of his day-to-day living—the petty, irksome indignities and humiliations. The Negro has always had to live with these. But today's students, some of them veterans of service in the desegregated armed forces, are taking a hard second look at the needless and irrational restrictions imposed upon them. They realize now, more than ever before, the impossibility of finding fulfilment in the corners left to them by segregation. They are no longer willing to crouch. They will settle for nothing less than the rights their humanity demands.

May 11th, 1960.

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THE GOOD PEOPLE

DAVID MILLER

THERE is very little drama in our office. It is a large, light, airy room with rows of high, wooden-framed windows along two sides. It seems extraordinarily remote from all the mine dumps and headgears and haulages, the dust and noise and clamour upon which our existence depends. We are snug and secure and nothing ever happens in our tight little world. We work our slow way to our pensions, and when one day we are required to die, we hope it will be quietly, in our beds.

At any rate, that's how it seems if you immerse yourself in routine and don't show much curiosity. Actually, it is strange how you can work cheek by jowl with people for months and years, talk and argue and joke with them, and never know what goes on in their backgrounds, or how old they are, or whether they are married and the number of their children.

There were three people including myself working in my office. There was Arthur, a hefty young Afrikaner of about 20 with tremendous shoulders and a tongue that never stopped wagging. He knew everything about everything, did young Arthur. There was not a thing in the wide world left for him to learn.

Then there was myself. I am slightly on the dismal side of 40, a bit thin on top, but fit as a fiddle and I aim to see the turn of the century. I'm a statistician, if that is of any interest to you.

And, thirdly, there was Robert, the African messenger. I could tell you his surname, but you wouldn't be able to pronounce it and it would make no difference to this story anyway. In fact, it was of the essence of Robert's personality that even to us who worked with him he was largely anonymous. He was simply Robert and to us he had no kith or kin—a being whose only context was the office.

It was—and is—most unusual to find an African occupying an office together with Europeans. They are usually out of sight when not wanted, but we had made an exception in this case because Robert was inclined to keep rather too well out of sight. Whenever we wanted him we would have to hunt for him all over the building, so eventually we cleared a small corner for him behind the filing cabinet and there he sat all day where we could watch him. Our office was large. He did not intrude too much on our susceptibilities.

He was a small African, not above 5 ft. 4 in. in height, with bloodshot eyes and a general air of vagueness induced by dagga smoking. His co-ordination was slack, but his duties were not arduous and he managed to perform them with adequate competence.

Arthur ragged him a bit. There were occasional spasms of horse-play between the two. I think Arthur enjoyed his physical superiority—it titillated his white vanity; it made him feel good. He regarded Robert as a rather superior domestic animal.

But on the whole Robert ignored us as much as we ignored him. He spent most of his time reading to himself and writing in a cheap exercise book. Africans are great students; of all people I have ever met, they are the most avid for learning and knowledge in any form, and even Robert in his foggy way tried to memorize long lists of words and wrote them down in a slow, copy-book hand. His time was mostly his own. I suppose there might be half-a-dozen occasions in the course of an average day when he would be called to attend the requirements of a member of our department.

Occasionally one heard stories about Robert. The caretaker always referred to him as "that no-good boy". He would pop his head into the doorway and call, "Hey, Tsotsi!" and then turn to me and ask whether he could borrow "your boy" for a few minutes. Well, a tsotsi is a very bad character who uses a knife and robs workers in bus queues on Friday nights. But though Robert was a drug addict and was, so they said, an inveterate gambler, I am certain that there was no real harm in him.

Like all petty gamblers, of course, Robert was chronically short of money. He was always borrowing shillings and half-crowns and paying them back on Friday when he got his pay packet.

So when, one afternoon about six months ago, he came and stood at my desk without saying a word, I knew what it was he was after. That was his manner, to stand silently at your elbow until you were ready to take note of his presence.

"Well, and what do you want now?" I said presently.

"Please baas," he said, sniffing, "can the baas lend for me 9/– till Friday, please?"

"Oh, 9/–," I said, looking him over. "That's more than you usually ask for, isn't it?"

He laughed automatically. "Yes please, I know, my baas."

"What the hell do you want it for this time?" I asked.

"I must pay it by the shop," he explained, his red eyes regarding me dolefully.

"Well, can't it wait till Friday?"

"No baas, the boy in the shop say if I haven't got it tonight he kill me."

"Oh, he kill you, eh! Well, no doubt you deserve it." I felt in my pocket but had no change. All the money I had on me was a £5 note, and I couldn't give him that even if I wanted to, which I didn't. A fiver was beyond Robert's ability to repay. "There you are, my boy," I said. "You can see for yourself, you're out of luck."

Arthur was not in that afternoon, and in any case our bright young man was usually at the borrowing end himself.

Robert said, "Hê, sorry baas!" and shook his head and shuffled off to his corner. I suppose if I had really put myself out, I could have found some change somewhere or borrowed a few shillings on his behalf from someone else. But, well, what did it matter? The shopkeeper would kick up a row and refuse him credit in future and that was all there would be to it.

"You lose too much money gambling with the Chinaman," I said, wagging my finger at him.

He laughed and said, "Hai, Ikona baas, I don't do like that!"

And that was the last I ever saw of him because that same night he was murdered. We didn't know this until a few days later. All we knew at the time was that he did not turn up to work the next day or the next. Arthur fussed and fretted about it. He wanted a meat pie for his tea and now he would have to go out and buy it himself. "These bloody coons," he swore petulantly, "you can never trust the blighters."

But on the third morning our caretaker, a big man with a booming bass voice, came and told us the news. He was murdered, he explained to us, in a particularly revolting way. He was stabbed not with a clean, sharp instrument, but with a sort of cleaver. The cleaver was thrust into his ribs and pulled out again with a sizeable lump of flesh.

The boss came into the office and heard the news. He had a sheaf of papers in his hand and he held them up in the air as though he were a still from a movie.

"How did you hear about it," we asked. We all stood together in a bunch, wondering.

"His wife came in. She's still in my office—what shall I tell her to do?"

"Has she got a family?"

"Three kids, I think—I'm not sure."

So, because the Africans in our firm haven't got a pension scheme, the boss put his hand in his pocket and drew out a pound and we had a general whip round. I went round to a couple of other offices where Robert's services had been used and presently we had collected just over £12.

"Just a moment," the boss said, "I'll 'phone Bob Henderson and see what the Company is prepared to do." Bob was the Secretary. Old Bob wasn't a bad type; too near retirement to care much about anything, still. . . .

"Bob says the Company will probably be prepared to make it up to £20—tell you what, I'll put in the balance and get it back afterwards. Better get her down here," he said to the caretaker, and we waited till he returned with her.

"Yes," said the boss with a sigh, "that's how it is." He laid his papers down on the desk and put his hands in his pockets.

Unlike her husband, the wife was far from placid or vague. She scowled, and there was an aggressive droop to her underlip. She was an angry woman.

"How did it happen?" the boss asked her.

She shook her head. "I don't know, master, because I didn't see it."

"Did nobody else see it?"

She shook her head and almost smiled. "No, no. They did see it but they did not see it, because sometime if you see a thing like that, then next time you are also dead."

"I see. Have you any idea why?" The boss spoke kindly. He was not unsympathetic.

The wife shrugged her shoulders. From her ears hung a pair of rather sophisticated, tartish drop ear-rings, while about her body she clutched a Basuto blanket.

"I don't know, baas. Perhaps it was the money."

"Money?"

"Yes, baas. Another boy was telling him he must bring the money or there will be big trouble."

"How much money?"

"I don't know, baas, perhaps £1, £2—he never tell me."

A thought struck me—had the money Robert had tried to borrow from me anything to do with it? That odd amount—9/-

—oh no, surely, not even a gangster committed murder for a pound or two? There could be lots of other explanations.

She shrugged. "I don't know, baas," she repeated, "but that same time I am in the house and he is outside and I hear someone say 'Robert, I will kill you!' "

"Did you recognise the voice?"

She shook her head. "No, I don't know the voice, but I think I have a sample of him."

"Sample?"

"I think she means that she has her suspicions," I suggested, and she nodded her head in agreement.

"And then?"

"Then the next night," she continued, "We are in the house. It is eight o'clock or half-past eight. One time Robert is getting up, going outside." She paused. "Master, two, three minutes later the other girl she is calling 'come here, come here quick!' I go out and there is Robert on the ground—he is cold, so quick master!"

"And you heard nothing this time?"

"Nothing, baas."

"Have you reported it to the police?"

"Yes, master, they have tell the police."

"And have the police done anything about it?"

She looked away and sighed as though she found the questioning tedious. "They look here and they look there, master."

"And what do they say?"

She did not answer. It was apparent they had not said much.

The interview ended there. She accepted the envelope of money in her cupped hands and made a small curtsy. She tightened her blanket across her shoulders, looked around once at us and left, the caretaker following her out.

And when she left there remained behind in the office a strong atmosphere of her sorrow and resentment. And hatred. There was a very strong sense of her hatred indeed, but what exactly it was that she hated I couldn't really tell. The tsotsi and gangsters? The white people? Just everything?.

I had a strong impulse to follow after and tell her something. But what? If I could only think what? Instead I went and sat down at my desk and fingered the small change in my pocket.

The following week we got another messenger. He said he was Robert's brother and that his father had sent him from his home in the country to work for us because we were good people to work for.

BOOK REVIEWS

AFRICAN HISTORY IN TRANSITION

The Journal of African History edited by R. A. Oliver and J. D. Fage. Vol. 1. Number 1, 1960. Published by Cambridge Univeristy Press, 30s. per annual volume of two parts.

Old Africa Rediscovered by Basil Davidson. Published by Gollancz, 1960, 25s. Published in the United States under the title ' Lost Cities of Africa ' by Atlantic Press, Little, Brown & Co., $6.50.

THE publication of the first number of the Journal of African History marks a new phase in the development of African studies; it is quite free from that 'parochialism' which has so often dogged them in the past. The Advisory Editorial Board is international, contributions are in French as well as English, and the subject is Africa as a whole and its history during all periods. Its contents illustrate very perfectly the transition that is now occurring in the technique and presentation of African historical research.

The first article on "The Niger and the Classics" represents one of the oldest traditions in African historical study; that of the English administrator or educationalist with a sound classical training. If it fails to bring conviction, it is only through the tendencies inherent in that tradition; too great reliance on the factual accuracy of that strange compilation "Ptolemy", perhaps too little interest in archaeology, certainly too little interest in Islamic sources (Idrisi is referred to as writing in 1254). Again, "Patterned Walling in African Folk Building" by Mr. James Walton has both the strength and weakness of a pioneer effort; it opens new horizons, and the photographs are admirable even if the sketch map is quite inadequate. But his conclusion—"that pattern walling in Africa is an architectural device introduced by the Berbers"—is as sweeping and untenable as that of any nineteenth-century diffusionist. It is a pity that he ignores the problem of patterned walling in Ethiopia and the existence of the herring-bone and chevron patterns on such fourteenth- and

fifteenth-century Tanganyikan sites as Songo Mnara. In "Christian and Negro Slavery in Eighteenth-century North Africa", there is an anecdotal approach as old as Sir Lambert Playfair and very little on the quite different economic structures of the Barbary States.

In contrast, the article by Dr. Vansina on the oral history of the Bakuba is a masterpiece by a Master of the New Techniques. There is a brilliant study by Margaret Priestley and Ivor Wilks on eighteenth-century Ashanti Chronology, and this is only rendered possible by a new union of history and anthropology. "East African Coin Finds and their Historical Significance" by Dr. Freeman-Grenville summarises the numismatic discoveries that are revolutionising modern conceptions of the political and economic history of the Coast; while Dr. Philip Curtin's survey of the archives of Tropical Africa is indispensable for more modern historians. Perhaps most important of all for the future development of the Journal, there are nearly 40 pages of reviews uniformly of high standard.

The first review is that by the great Raymond Mauny on Basil Davidson's "Old Africa Rediscovered". He terms it both an "important" and an "excellent" work; this is true enough, but above all it is a courageous one. For it is the first book in any language to provide a survey of the history of Africa in the light of recent archaeological discoveries. Reading it and re-reading it, I have found emphases with which I personally disagree; and yet I have been increasingly impressed by the mass of detailed research it presupposes and by the compelling enthusiasm with which this is presented. It covers the whole of Africa from the Sudan to the Transvaal and from Nigeria to Tanganyika. Its central theme is "the African metal age of the last 15 or 20 centuries." Therefore, it fittingly begins with the Sudan, before passing to West Africa. Both sections are admirable, though personally I am more ready to believe in Meroe as an African Birmingham than as an African Athens, and I am sceptical of the traditions of race migrations into West Africa from the North East.

The fourth chapter, "Between the Niger and the Congo", is the most slender; clearly there should have been a fuller treatment of Ife and of that strange experiment in hybrid culture—the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Christian Kingdom of Congo. This also is the point at which Mr. Davidson might have discussed the economic importance of the Katanga lead workings in the pre-European period, for this may yet prove to be the clearest

link between west and east and south. Then, as the survey reaches towards the Indian Ocean it once again grows more detailed. The chapter on the Zimbabwes and on Mapungubwe, "The Builders of the South", is as masterly as that on the "Kingdoms of the Old Sudan".

Part of the novelty in Basil Davidson's approach lies in his emphasis on the importance of social and economic factors as determinants of African Culture. It is a relief to escape from the old racial hypothesis of wandering and enlightened Hamiest. But this is a line of approach that will necessitate a far closer co-ordination than now exists between anthropologists and historians and a closer attention to the minutiae of barter systems.

Part of the novelty consists in his full use of the sporadic archaeological discoveries which are now being made throughout Africa. But again African archaeology will only make its full contributions to African history if it is linked with a study of those African oral traditions for which it provides the only check. In West Africa it must also be studied in relation to art forms, and everywhere in relation to the development of techniques. In Africa an archaeologist should also be an Africanist. The methods may be adapted from those used on Roman Britain; the problems are utterly remote.

Above all, the archaeologist in Africa is an explorer. In some sense every study of pre-European Africa is still an exploration. It is perhaps precisely because he has the zest to explore that Basil Davidson has achieved so outstanding and so exciting a book.

GERVASE MATHEW

Brief Authority by Charles Hooper. Published by Collins. 21s.

WHAT really went on in Zeerust during 1957-8? We heard that African women were burning their passes, about chiefs' huts burned down, about police raids, about assaults and murders . . . Some brave reporters for '*Golden City Post*' entered the area in an attempt to find out what was happening—and were assaulted, with police connivance (if not encouragement), for their pains. The Government iron curtain descended, and then we had nothing to go on but rumours, atrocity stories, and the usual hand-outs to the press, from the Department of Native Affairs, about agitators, "loyal chiefs" and turbulent

women. The proof that something was profoundly amiss came when scores of men, women and children of the Bafurutse tribe fled over the border into Bechuanaland. The official Government Information Service at first denied that there were any such refugees; then later grudgingly admitted that there "could have been 250". One English paper in Johannesburg gave the figure at 4,000; this may have been exaggerated, but certainly in one week alone a thousand fled to the Protectorate, and at least another thousand left for others parts of the Union.

Among the "agitators" alleged by the Government to have been stirring up the African people. especially the women, were two white people, the Anglican Rector of Zeerust, Fr. Hooper, and his wife. They were vilified in the report of the Commission of Enquiry into the "troubles", and were finally served with a banning order which prevented Fr. Hooper from entering the "Native Reserve" even to take Holy Communion to the sick, to celebrate Mass, or to visit the dying. Fr. Hooper had to be transferred from Zeerust; and two years later—1960—himself also became a refugee, escaping from the Union into Swaziland at the time of the State of Emergency in South Africa.

Now, at long last, we have his account of the stirring and terrible events that went on behind the Government's iron curtain in the Zeerust area. A brief foretaste of it was given to readers of this journal in an article two years ago entitled "Diary of a Country Priest".† Now he gives us the full story, and it is as gripping as we had expected. We learn of the reign of police terror; of the attempts by the authorities to prevent even accredited witnesses from appearing for the African women whose only crime, often, was to have been assaulted by the police. Even the Hoopers themselves were at one moment threatened with an ambush—and there is a hint that this threat was itself not unknown to the police.

I have heard people dismiss Fr. Hooper as "another of these political priests". This is quite untrue. He was a pupil of mine at the Theological College in England during the time I was Vice-Principal, so I know him well; and he has never had the slightest leanings towards being of the "left-wing parson" type. And in South Africa, though he had long believed that apartheid was a non-Christian attitude, he was never drawn to such bodies as the Congress of Democrats. In Zeerust he became involved, almost against his will, because as a priest he could not simply stand by and see some of his own people—

† See Vol. II No. 4, July—September, 1958.

originally, some of his own Anglican women, though it soon extended to any African women, Christian or heathen alike—being wounded, tortured, hounded. What started by a simple carrying out of a certain command in the New Testament about "a cup of cold water", ended in a total involvement in the Africans' cause. Though even to the end Fr. Hooper never took sides in the sense that, for example, he advised the women to refuse to carry "passes"; indeed, he told them that they had a prima-facie duty to obey the law, and he sometimes had to rebuke them for behaving like "thugs and tsotsis" themselves.

He writes crisply, wittily and with a wonderfully accurate ear for conversation. Seldom have the wisecracks, the metaphor-laden language, the pungent proverbs of the African people been so faithfully and vividly recorded. We get to know his villagers, his Mothers' Union, his African children, his catechists, from their relaxed conversations long before the "troubles" start. And we find, not surprisingly, how much the black people know about the white—and how understanding they are of the white man's problems. "Judge these people (the whites) leniently", says one of his African friends. "They wear blinkers like mules. . . . They have been frightened inside ever since they could walk. Now you frighten them worse. . . . Their fear is a hole in the bucket of their joys. Be sad; but do not be angry."

And of course, the reaction of the South African Government to such a book as this is simple: ban it! This has been done. What else can you do to a truth that challenges you, and which you know you cannot refute, than to suppress it? But truth takes a lot of suppressing: 'twill out. And out it is, here among us. We must take it and spread it fast: sooner or later it will soak back into the land from which it has been expelled.

FR. MARTIN JARRETT-KERR, C.R.

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